

DISORDER

OCTOBER 1991 • THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITY 101.9FM

FREE

✦ Billy Bragg
Madonna
The Pogues
The Fringe
Strawberry Alarm Clock

Lunatic Fringe Presents A lesson in Grammar.

Fuck is perhaps one of the most interesting words in the English language.
Fuck is one magical word which just by its sound can describe pleasure, pain, hate and love.
Fuck comes from the German word "FRIKON".

In language, "fuck" falls into many grammatical categories. Fuck can be used as a verb both transitive (he fucked her) and intransitive (she was fucked by him). It can be an active verb (he really gives a fuck) or a passive verb (she really doesn't give a fuck), as an adverb (she is fucking interested in him) and a noun (she is a fine fuck). Fuck can be used as an adjective (she is fucking beautiful). As you can see there is a whole lot of real versatility with "fuck". It pops up everywhere.

Besides its sexual connotation, this lovely word can be used to describe many situations:

Fraud - I got fucked by that crook.
Trouble - I'm fucked now.
Aggression - fuck you!
Philosophy - who gives a fuck.
Numerology - Sixty-fucking-Nine
Displeasure - what the fucks going on?
Descriptive anatomy - he's a fucking asshole
As a perdition - well, I'll be fucked.
Incestuous - Mother fucker
All encompassing - fuck'em all
A poker hand - A Royal fuck
As an acceptance - Fuckin A !



Dismay - Oh, fuck it !
Confusion - What the fuck ?
Despair - fucked again!
Incompetence - he's a real fuck-off
Rebellion - fuck it!
Satisfaction - fuck me again!
To tell time - It's six - fucking - thirty
A political statement - fuck Washington
A put down - fuck off, buster!
Governmental affairs - fuck the I.R.S.
To start a relationship - Let's fuck now
Enjoyment - fuckin Wow !

A closing - fuckingly yours.

Use fuck in your daily speech proudly fuck adds prestige to any conversation. Put this colorful four letter word to work for you; today, tell someone you know "fuck you" or Let's fuck".

to be continued ...



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DISCORDER

OCTOBER 1991 - ISSUE #105...

There is nothing in the world more helpless and irresponsible than a man in the depths of an ether binge....

Hunter S. Thompson

But then again, Mr. Thompson never met a person reading *Discorder Magazine*.

IRREGULARS

INTERVIEW-TYPE THING

Big Drill Car Exposes Themselves For Your Pleasure.....4
LOLLAPALOOZA

Redd McJann Travels to Enum Claw.....7

DISOUNDWAR II

Back Alley Fiction.....8

SARAH'S SUMMER ART PICKS

The Bestest Of The Summer Art.....9

THE FIRST WHOLE FRINGE EXPERIENCE

45 Plays in 9 Days.....10

PLAYING LIVE IN HELL'S DITCH

Has Shane Really Left The Pogues?!!.....12

GIVE MY REGARDS TO YOUR MUM

Billy Bragg Talks About His Lack Of Respect, From His Mum.....13

STRAWBERRY ALARM CLOCK

25 Years And Still Ticking.....14

WHERE THE STREETS HAVE NO SURF

Surf, Sand, Long Island, And Adventure.....22

MADONNA

Actually We Don't Have A Madonna Article We Just Wanted To

Make Sure You Picked Up This Issue

REGULARS

UNDERREVIEW.....16 REAL LIVE ACTION.....18

SHINDIG.....17 SUBTEXT.....19

FUTURE RAP.....17 ON THE DIAL.....20

SPINLIST.....21

COMICS

DUMMYHEDS, FOUND IN SUPPOSEDLY EMPTY EQUIPMENT

AT SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.....by Rob Adamson.....5

VIOLENT DEPICTION.....by Gary Wildeman.....5

COVER

The cover is a lovely shot of Billy Bragg's nose, done by an anonymous *Discorder* photographer.

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That Was Then
I briefly shared a hospital room with a girl gentle unwise troubled by the infrequent appearances of her young man in he came I got no further than the sleepwalker's face to know not to bother looking for the guitar case it'd be there. As a girl (I'll admit to seven-ty) our day's type was no end of troubled slumped lax darkly unhappy eyes, close inspection often proved them merely blank there was never so much as a shilling yet he never was short of a smoke or a pint. Queer how he'd leap to life when called upon to play a fizz of energy lit him I'd sit electrified with the knowledge that he was alive normally in our sitting room in-different to talk to changing his shirt to eating no book or play came between he + himself yet in that room his hidden self-disgust haunted us in the form of a constant insidious movement a tapping of fingers on knee while he drank his tea a nervous leg kept time in smoky conversation at the local his pen punctuated every word on the rim of his pint, an endless stream of words left me and entered him leaving no mark the rent the dirt the worry the loneliness why wouldn't he work to allay that ugly disparate boredom I pinned a note to the underside of his pillow and left him oddly he'd done the same two notes side by side unread. His note, abrupt and vulgar, said I can't take any longer goodbye mine said with infinite pathos and restraint goodbye I can't take it any longer

Beatrude Enndye

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That damn month of October 3

Okay, so it's pretty obvious that I delight far too much in the sounds of Big Drill Car. Whether this is healthy or not I don't know, but it doesn't give you cancer. After the live review last issue and my constant pandering around the station with one of my three Big Drill Car tour shirts on, my submission of an interview with the band was inevitable.

If you're not familiar with Big Drill Car you're stupid. Plain and simple. What have you been doing, listening to Paul Abdul? Well, if that's the case, there is no hope for your soul nor should there be! Big Drill Car are only the biggest West Coast indie rockers since Frankie, Arnette, surfing and the longtime rumour that California is one day going to slip into the ocean. Being from Huntington Beach, California you would think that BDC would fear for their lives. Not so, if the coast is going to slip into the Pacific for any reason whatsoever in the near future, it's going to be the guys' fault—no part intended.

Big Drill Car are vocalist Frank Daly, guitarist Mark Arnold, drummer Danny Macroli and bassist Bob Thompson. Batch is their latest, and third, release for Cruz records. The best way to describe BDC's sound is pop-core. Not slap-dancing pop, nor regurgitated pop-punk. Not even a mixture of these. No middle road, straight ahead horizontal-core. If you've ever been hurt in a relationship, and you took that anger and pain, and lunged it into a riff-tongue, and had that riff-tongue constantly ticking in your ears, until you could do nothing but sleep through the routine sound of rhythm and cadence, and came up with a note so beautiful that you forgot what love was, you would have Big Drill Car.

Big Drill Car was in town about a month ago for the first leg of their "Batch Type Tour," which will take them through North America and Europe before Christmas. And while they were here I was fortunate enough to share an orange juice with Mark, Dan, Bob, the roachie and the sound guy. What follows is an interpretation of that milestone moment in my life.

Disorder: First, I have to thank you guys for letting me play Batch over the airwaves before it was released.
Mark Arnold: Shhh. I was the one that said go for it.
D: Yeah, I was totally amped on that. I was stoked on it, it was great. It sounded like you guys just basically left the reel going from CR Type Thing. Did you start on Batch as soon as you were done with that?
M: No, not really. It took a long time actually. Some of the songs took us a while to write and really put together. But once we'd decided, well, we went for a live thing. *CR Type Thing*, to rule, was real slick and polished and on a mediocre night we couldn't duplicate it live. So we decided to do kind of a live record that we could play every night and get away with it.
D: So who did you have producing this album?
M: Stephen [Egerton of ALL], who's the person we've always worked with, and Bill [Stevens, drummer for ALL].
D: All the Cruz bands are just a happy little family aren't they?
M: Yeah, pretty much.
D: There's only four bands on Cruz including you, right?
M: Skityard, Chemical People and ALL. Those are the only bands who have

put out records.
D: Are you guys ever going to self-produce an album? Are you looking to do it?
M: Not really. We always have a lot of input on the albums. I like working with people; I like seeing what people will do to our stuff. We've done the "Surrender" single and "A Take Away" on *The Big One: City of LA Power* compilation.
Danny: We have another one coming out as well, on a compilation of Buzzcock songs.

B: We haven't it and recorded it in the same week.
M: Plus it could apply now too, the whole freedom of choice thing.
D: Are you guys glad to be back on the road? It's been a while hasn't it?
M: Yeah, about a year.
D: Rumour has it that you are being sponsored by Airwalk?
B: Not really sponsored but they gave us some free shit.
Danny: For a while we were getting free stuff from Dogtown, Vision, Vans...
D: So who does most of the writing on the albums?

B: Frank writes all the lyrics and a good deal of the music writing too.
M: It all depends.
D: After listening to the past three albums it sounds like Frank has problems with relationships because you listen to it and it appeals to all the women I've ever known. You get there are going to be tons of women at Big Drill Car shows.
Danny: That's a very good answer.
D: Has Frank been torn apart romantically?
M: Well he's married now but I guess he got the short end of the stick a couple times.
D: So to speak.
D: And give it.
D: So how long is the tour going to be?
Danny: About four months. We'll be home by Christmas.
D: So what's up for you guys, where do you see yourselves going? Do you have a five-year plan or what?
M: We had one and this Halloween will be fourteen so we got a year left. Our last goal was to go to Europe and we get to go there so after that we'll probably try to get ourselves some new goals.
D: Any offers from major labels or are you guys looking for a major label?
M: Not really, we're happy with Cruz.
Danny: With a major label like the more you get done the harder it becomes. It becomes more of a job and if you can stay away from it it's kind of cool.

D: And still be comfortable.
B: I think bands like Sonic Youth have pretty much kept their integrity and are playing by their own rules.
M: I just wonder how many records they put out for Geffen. I mean I know they tell pretty good but to a major label 100,000 records isn't shit.
Danny: You can get shelved pretty easily.
D: And then there's independent bands who are selling way more than that like Fugazi or Bad Religion.
M: On an independent if you sell 20 you're happy.
D: So how is Batch being accepted?
B: It debuted at 32 on the CMJ Top 100.
D: Have you had that kind of response to your previous albums?
B: Well the previous record got to 15 but that took three months. If this one debuted at 32 that's a pretty good indicator that it will go a lot farther.
D: We like Cheap Trick.
D: This is a good segue to ask you about the cover of Devo's "Freedom Of Choice" on your new album. It fits, but why Devo's?
M: I'm a Devo fan from way back but I don't know why.
Danny: We were thinking of a cover to do for the new record and Bob was at work and heard that song and said, "Hey, let's do that."

Big Drill Car Discography

Album/Tape/CD Type Thing—Cruz
Single BDC's—Cruz
Batch—Cruz
"Surrender/Gedaway" (split) w/ Chemical People—Cruz
The Big One: City of LA Power compilation—Flipside



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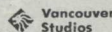
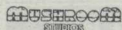
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SHINDIG

Whoa Nelly! What's that there a-goin' down? If it ain't that battle-of-the-bands thing happenin' at the Railway ev'ry Monday night 'til the holidays! That, yessir, is correct... three unforeseen and unbeknownst musical troupes fighting to the death for the glory of rock'n'roll itself. Renews your faith in the youth of today or something like that. Yeah, that's it. Just giddown'ere and catch the action at **THE RAILWAY CLUB 579 DUNSMUIR**
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Crews: B.C.U., Basic Instincts, BZ Jam & the Urban Brotherhood Committee, C.D.P., D.C.P., D.O.P.E., Dis Company, The Epicenter, Finesse & Showbiz, Flipside, Greg B & DJ Skill, Killa D & the D-Force Posse, Nation of Colours, Sound Advice, Spanish Fly, Straight Black, T.N.T., Terror T & the Beat Assassinator, Twice Az Nice... **Dancers:** Andre & Junior, Angel A & IB Damned, Nazgol Shifteh, Special K & Bobby B, Twice Az Nice... **DJ's:** B Mello, Born Supreme, DWS, Encore, Pete Finesse, Skill, Tee Double... **MC's:** BZ Jam, Chaz EB, Code Black, Critical C, Curious George, Doctor J, Forte D, Vortex, Greg B, Jay Skee, Juice D.U.B., Killa D, Motormouth, Terror T, The Master D... **Graffiti Clash:** Dezine, Neos, Zeek ... **Sponsors:** National Sound Corp., Creation Studios, Profile Studios, Roland Canada Music, Gemini / Sound Distribution, Numark PPD, Streetsound Magazine, 3M, Odyssey Imports, Rhythm Zone, West Indies Records, Zulu Records, AMS Copy Centre, Urb Magazine, Non-Fiction Design Studios, Attic Records, A&M Records, BMG Records, Capitol Records, Cargo Records, Delicious Vinyl, MCA Records Canada, NastyMix Records, PolyGram Inc, PWL America, Round the Globe Music, Sony Music Canada, Tommy Boy, Warner Music Canada, HTI... **Master of Ceremonies:** Earl the Pearl... **Judges:** Don Chow, Michael Clarke, Maximus Clean, DJ Kilocee, Eaze, Michael Golf, Michael Harding, Russ Hergert, David Jones, Quaze... **CiTR 101.9fM**, Discorder Magazine, and last but not least, all of you who came out to witness DJ Sound War Chapter Two.



LOLLAPALOOZA

FESTIVAL



It's nearing noon and I'm about ready to get on the freeway with a placard stating "Enrui Clow or Bust." Once we get our bearings together we get into a truck which kindly picked us up. Of course the traffic is backed up to Bellevue by this time. There's traffic coming from as far away as Chicago and California. Not to mention the over-the-border rush. This is the last Lollapalooza concert in the North American tour of the wet-dream disco in Perry Farrell's head. This whole shindig was entirely his idea. Jane's Addiction will probably break-up after this save for a couple of viscous reunion gigs I guess. Perry got a hold of most of the acts and also invited "Refuse and Resist," the leader of the political voices representing the sideshow tent. The lineup for this Lolla was as follows: Rollins Band, Butthole Surfers, Violent Femmes, Fishbone, Ice-T/Body Count, Siouxsie and the Banshees, and Jane's Addiction.

15 Miles away from the King County Fairgrounds, the train ain't movin'. Thank God it's America and I'm too busy absorbing the culture to notice how slow we're going. America, the house of the misguided capitalist...where there are more trailer parks than clean washrooms...every gas station sign reminds you of Urge Overkill...Babes Rodeo Grooving...Rubber Duck CD Emporium...Misty Mountain Mobile Park...Oh, who cares about the damn concert here's do-it-yourself trout fishin' right around the corner. We park about five miles from the Fairgrounds, the highway is lined solid on both shoulders, and this pattern continues for the entire walk there. One car full of angry kids were overjoyed because they had just peed on the side of the road in front of ALL the cars and yelled "Vancouver wooo." Actually I thought it would've been kind of cool in the spirit of outdoor festivals and you know, rock 'n' roll battling progress and all that, if at this point everyone from Canada got out of their cars and went to the side of the road to do the same. There could've been some nice camaraderie there in a We-Vancouverites-Know-How-To-Piss kind of way: people in Mack jackets proudly facing oncoming cars, smokin' a butt and aiming into a colt. 45 can, then giving it to a local with a sneer in a wink.

One car full of Hallowies, hoped to get close enough so they could make it through the gates without their hair falling flat from the rain. A whole bunch of vans full of blonde stoned dudes wearing no-nonsense and sporting drunks (indigenous to America I'm afraid) and a whole BUNCH of pickups full of rednecks and locals that were really pissed off and didn't know what the goddamn sam-hill was goin' awrrrrn. Heh, heh, heh, who said the revolution was only in the minds of the jaded and the armchair riders. When we got inside they were playing Fear "Let's have a war" over the speakers. Great theme: there's so many of us there's so many of us. The crowd estimated was 78 thousand. Let's have a war.

Rollins was up first and he decided to capitalize on the sense of occasion by setting up a scenario—everyone there being a prisoner of a concentration camp. Big open air concerts and concentration camps have definite parallels. Someone threw a single Doc

Martin on the stage. I don't know if the owner of the boot meant for it to be sacrificed to the Rollins God, however, because a similar thing happened to me when someone thought my baseball hat would be a good gift for Ice-T. It was okay because later I found a Mickey Mouse hat by the "Honey Buckets." These were a grim reminder of how many people were there, and of how slimy the food was. The original idea for food at the event was an "exotic food tent" but that didn't transpire...instead there were a bunch of exhibition midways stands selling crab cakes, "ukes on burns," and onions in taco shells.

I missed the Butthole surfers and Violent Femmes, all I know is one of the two were breaking bottles over their heads.

Fishbone were killer. One of the trombones yelled "fuck you," melodically, if not in opera fashion, as a closing statement. They also covered the theme to "Fat Albert."

The King of Statement, Ice-T, was on next. He did his rap classics with a DJ and then joined "Body Count" to do speed-metal-rap, blowing away anything Anthrax and Public Enemy did out of the mixer. This set was almost worth the price of admission itself. Half the crowd was "moshing" in self-contained pits about the grounds, surrounded by others hurling their fists around in arena-rock concert-Arsenio Hall fashion. The rest were trying to survive up front where Body Count were so kind as to spray them with confetti.

After that, Siouxsie came on and she told us that she was going to be good and that we didn't deserve it. Since she was wearing black and silver spangly busy things and lots of make-up and I went to the tent. She had a good drummer.

Jane's Addiction, last on the bill, last show...um, last great moment [I haven't made any Woodstock comparisons until now and I won't (yet). Somehow don't think any hippy-rhetoric would make sense. We tend to apply the omnipotent, world-changing definitions of music in the 60's to anything "significant" now, even though we know it's no longer works. You can think of all sorts of Guru-sensitive monument words to attach to certain bands or concerts, but that automatically turns off virtually anyone who remembers the last 15 years. Since that's almost everyone, let's just suffice to say that Lollapalooza was not a complete waste of time.

Jane's Addiction had two percussionists, alongside their drummer, that played congas and a bunch of other things I couldn't see. They were making sounds ranging from bullhorns to scrap aluminum bashing. On the

by Redd McJann

aesthetic side, JA presented the pop-culture carnival image that Lollapalooza put into my head when I started to wonder if going to see it was a good idea. Assorted guest musicians and other "personalities" were partitioned ice-capades style across the stage, leaving a 600 sq foot space occupied almost entirely by Perry Farrell. With the original line-up was a violinist, a sax, and another bassist, the two extra percussionists, a cisman dancer, a zombie on stilts, and two models who did interpretive dance with dresses that turned them into a giant throbbing vagina. They then proceeded to strip and make out Duran Duran style. Even if you couldn't see, the sound was quite exceptional for an open air Wet-fest, not to mention Perry's integration with previous performers was worth the price of admission itself.

No, everyone at Lollapalooza didn't get back on stage for an encore while they lined-up in each others arms to sing "give peace a chance" or "ebony and ivory" in traditional rock music festival style. Instead, Ice-T with the Body Count guitarist/bassist backing him did a song later Perry told the audience that the one thing black people were good for was their skin as scuba suits) about, I guess, being both proud and mad about being what you are. Perry tells his joke and, of course, the audience goes "boo" and everyone wonders why he said such a thing and whether he's going to do a duet with Fishbone. Ice-T creeps out to the audience's view, no one knew he was there before he sang the first line "Don't call me Niggah...Whiter." Then they launched into this sonic music war, cross-style, song that tested the blues of Hot Chocolate against the intensity of Raw Power. I thought it would be a bizarre duet when I saw the guy who's done probably about as much for the 19 year old Black kid as Neil Young has done for me, strutting smoothly behind this maniacal bald white artist from LA who obviously isn't trying to abolish drug use. In any way, I worked up to the point where Ice-T raised his fist in the air and everyone yelped at how beautiful it all was.

I went home with narrray a pang of remorse for missing Nine Inch Nails, who performed at the Toronto and Kansas City shows, and for once feeling like I went to an actual music event, as opposed to some brilliant marketing scheme. Sure there were T-Shirts and Donairs and a whole bunch of assholes making money, but that's what happens when the bands you like (insert

shudder here) make it big. In the light of the contents of the Lollapalooza tent, there can be no sell-out comparisons akin to Pepsi-jingle singers and sports shoe converts.

NO MORAL ORDER NOW

Here's a run down of the more memorable organizations represented in the Lollapalooza tent. A lot of people were just there to sell their tator made brand of politeness to young people, but some things actually made sense or were pretty entertaining anyway. This is brief so I strongly suggest you write to find out more, and send a SASE.

REFUSE AND RESIST 305 Madison Ave. #1166 N.Y.C. 110165. (212) 941-5474, or (212) 713-5657. Primarily a political group. Some of their publications were banned throughout the Lollapalooza tour. Information includes/exposes:

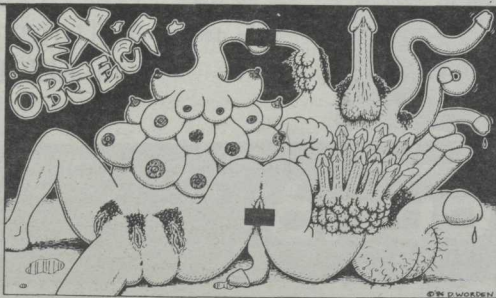
- Children detention and immigrant imprisonment to do with INS concentration camps and the Simpson Rodno clamp-down "Operation 3D."
- The war on women/drugs.
- Foreign military intervention.
- Actions to defeat, in court, the compulsory patriotism (anti-flag burning) law.
- Defending women's clinics from Operation Rescue.
- Squating vacant apartments in San Francisco.
- Organizing the first gay and Lesbians Rights march in Washington.
- Forums in NYC include "The Jesse Helms's Gallery."

ANTI-WARRIOR P.O. Box 42488 SF Ca 94142, (415) 824-1214 A national campaign for amnesty of war resisters. They publish an monthly periodical which presents an exhaustive list of anti-war organization chapters of all sorts all across America.

HEMP GROWERS COALITION P.O. Box 1731 Woodinville WA 98072. Info on the uses of marijuana with a focus on legalization and impeaching federal judges for wrongful conviction of drug users—lots of literature and a big fat book for \$13 America called *The Emperor Wears No Clothes*—a glossary of hemp prohibition throughout history by Jack Heren.

VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR ANTI-IMPERIALIST 4701 University Way NE #1612 Seattle, 98105, (206) 292-1624. Lots of literature with a socialist lean, including "Storm Warning."

Jim Blanchard P.O. Box 20321 Seattle Washington has a mail order catalogue with trading cards, T-Shirts and comic books from assorted underground artists on "Starhead." Stuff includes *Black, Ratnik, Mondo Suburbia* (includes Bagge, Clowes, Robert Armstrong) and his own "large" comic/poster book called *Retina Damage*. Jim had a table and an exhibit in the tent. I picked up some mini comics I'd never seen before. *Freak Fucks* by Denis Worden (stick-boy) and *Testosterone City* by Bagge (date).



DJ Soundwar Chapter II

by ADAM SLOAN

Well, if you weren't there, here's the on-paper equivalent of what went down at CTR's DJ Soundwar Chapter II, held on Saturday September 14th and Sunday the 15th. The whole weekend started at around noon on Saturday with the first bits of spray paint hittin' the plywood of the first ever Graffiti Clash in the Student Union Building Courtyard out here at U.B.C. Three artists, Dezine, Neos, and Zeek, all of Vancouver, crafted their creations for the next six hours, with another six hours on Sunday to go to complete their artwork.

At around three o'clock, National Sound's DJ and Nightclub equipment Exhibition was opened in the S.U.B. Partyroom for all to see. All the latest mixers, turntables, and tons of other DJ equipment was there for your perusal with lots of pamphlets and answers to your questions courtesy of the National Sound staff. There were also some funky remixes happenin' at the back of the room courtesy Much Music's Mr. Control.

The competition kicked off at

around 6 PM as promised, with Saturday scheduled for groups of MC's, DJ's and Dancers to do their stuff throughout the night, interspersed with each other to keep things changing. Believe me, there was some serious slammin' dope shit being dropped here!

The DJ's ripped shit up with a ton of chin scratchin', behind the back crossfadin', under the leg beat breakin' and all out dope record spinnin'. Pete Finesse, B Mello, Skill and Born Supreme made it into the semi-finals, and after another round of cuttin', Skill came out on top of B Mello with the deffest scratchin' that I've ever heard in my life! And live right in front of my eyes too! I've never heard nothin' like that even on record.

The MC's came out bustin' funky fresh rhymes on time like dey wuz diggin' in a gold mine, fast and hard or chillin' on the mello tip or somewhere in between, but always stone cold hittin' the verbal nail on the head. Jay Skee, Terror T, Code Black, Juice D.U.B., Critical C, Greg B, Chaz E.B. and Doctor J made it to the

second round where everybody had to rock the mic to the same fresh beat, evening out the odds and making it easier for the judges to do a critical breakdown on the rappers. It took four rounds to finish it off, with the verbal endurance of Greg B lifting him to the top o' the pile, with Chaz E.B. and Juice D.U.B. smokin' hot on his heels.

On the dancing tip, five dancer crews took to the stage (the floor, actually!) and turned the mutha out. R and B (Andre and Junior) ended up winning with Twice Az Nice wearin' holes in their shoes for second place, and everybody dancin' up a hip hop storm. Well, at the end of the night it was obvious that the contestants tore the roof off the sucker, and the competition was only half over!

The second day of the DJ Soundwar experience began with the final half of the Graffiti Clash, producing three funky fresh 8 foot by 12 foot murals of street-style Graffiti. It must have been a tough decision for the judges, but Neos' creation topped the other two for the prize. The National Sound Equipment Exhibition

was open again Sunday for all those interested in state of the art DJ equipment for all budgets.

At around 6 PM again the onslaught of the rappage commenced, today being reserved for crews. King Psycho and his crew, who weren't actually in the competition, warmed up the audience with a good dose of da beats and rhymes. In total, 19 crews from the West Coast of B.C. and Washington gave it up for the audience. This was amazing. Everybody put on a good funky 10 minutes of hip hoppin', with each crew goin' wild and showin' off original style for the crowd and the judges. Some crews did the straight up rapper and DJ combo while others added crowd hypin' dancers to their show, or got the rest of their gangsta posse to back 'em up on stage. There was also live bass playing, computer sequencers on stage, live keyboard sampler playing, and even limbo dancin'! When the dust had settled and the scores were tallied, Greg B and DJ Skill narrowly claimed first prize from the formidable Flipside Posse and B.C.U. The Central Dis-

trict Posse and Finesse and Showbiz rounded out the top five finishers.

All in all, DJ Soundwar Chapter II turned out to be a slammin' exposition of what's been happenin' in the rap scene in the Pacific Northwest. It was very interesting to see, for the Canadian contingent at least, that those who had entered in DJ Soundwar Chapter I last year had improved significantly. As a matter of fact, it seems that the DJ Soundwar get together itself has sparked the local rap scene into some serious action, giving local rappers the opportunity to kick their ballistics live and do some damage on stage, which has forced them to get their acts together and put on some straight up serious-ass dope too live-action shows. And now that they have learned the lessons that you can only learn from doin' a live show, the rap scene in Vancouver as a whole seems ready to take on the rest of the rap world and get our 40 acres and a mule. See ya next year for DJ Soundwar Chapter III!

The MC's: Greg B, Chaz E.B., Juice D.U.B., Jay Skee, Code Black, Criti-

cal C, Terror T, Doctor J, Motor-mouth, B Z Jam, Curious George, The Master D, Killa D, Forte D, Vortex

The DJ's: Skill, B Mello, Born Supreme, Pete Finesse, Encore, Tee Double, DWS

The Dancers: Andre and Junior, Twice Az Nice, Special K and Bobby B, Nargol Shifteh, Angel A and B Damned

The Graffiti Clashers: Neos, Dezine, Zeek

The Crews: Greg B and DJ Skill, Flipside, B.C.U., C.D.P. (Central District Posse), Finesse and Showbiz, Nation of Colours, Basic Instincts, Twice Az Nice, Sound Advice, Terror T and the Beat Assassinator, B.Z. Jam and the Urban Brotherhood Committee, D.O.P.E. (Down On Public Effect), Straight Black, D.C.P., Spanish Fly, The Epicentre, The Dis Company, Killa D and the D-Force Posse, T.N.T. (The New Tribe)

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The local art scene has begun to heat up along with those (sporadically) rising temperatures. So many fulfilling, journeying happenings happened lately it's with a hot tip I keep us all figured I did well by catching Smith. The ones that stood out, above and beyond, for originally were the Contemporary Art Gallery's project focusing on our place of habitat entitled "Private Addresses," Smash Gallery's smashing international comic-artists expose "Mist! LI!" and their screening of Cinefil's more "sinister" short films of the last three years, and of course we can't forget the much-maligned What Gallery's latest hanging of a dozen or so very diverse "underground-y" local talents. I even managed to record for your devilish delectation an odd but entertaining (for me) convo with local "weirdo" artist Emil Daley whose style(s) is/are...uh...eclectic to say the least, and who seems to be high on certain people's HIT LISTs.

I was drawn to the Smash Gallery's latest rare endeavor of "Mist! LI!" for connoisseurs of the more unusual and creative comics around (hence: mist!). A collector's dream: all original, one-of-a-kind silk-screens and drawings by some of the most talented, bizarre comic artists in North America. No, this isn't Superman; it's pointed, twisted social commentary for today, most of it hard-edged and gritty with humor sometimes reduced to a gurgle in the throat. It's exciting stuff. Kaz's demonic world of planetary aliens includes a flip to the surface in "Everything" and "The Tragedy of Satan"; Kaz's style is busy, colorful and arresting. Arresting, too, of course, are Jaime Hernandez's signed silk-screens (that *Love and Rockets* fame?) that are clean, bold and frightening-but tempting, like too much sex. Carol Moselwel's enormous color "Siren" (Pink! and Black!) overshadows practically any whole wall, yes, I know—she's good. Her aggression is channeled to a perfect knife-tip (pencil-tip?). Dan Clowes' "Eightball" covers recall styles of yore in his views of twisted Normality which are like a Velvet Glove Cast in Iron (his words, not mine). Ralph Steadman's cover of "America" with its blood-on-white is nothing short of shocking, a mummified body in a chair, poised in a simultaneous hanging and shooting, the blood spurting from its back in an impressive spurt. Another cover of "America" expresses phallic distortion of the ugliest kind: the suit and tie with pants and balls for a face. Painted symbols of today, can we surmise? Gary Panter twists (once again) those loams of America in "VHS Tapes", a spartan beautiful-people beach scene, and Aline Kominsky's "Remember Peggy" sends up contemporary conversation and other hilarious quips of society. Art Spiegelman's "Lead Pipe Sunday" a woman's body victimized by Ulliphan-sized well-known cartoon characters—stands out and needs no explanation. Shary Henniken's ironic poke at the with-it couple attempting at a bout with camping-out called "Real Life Adventure" is very funny with some vivid coloration too. Glenn Head, Charles Burne, Julie Doucet and, of course, Joe Matt's "Wedding" (WOW!) stood out, as well as a long list of talented exhibiting artists. The show was a baffle as far as visual art in Vancouver goes—so why did nobody on the art beat cover it? Bet it's the hot out of me, Kenneth Smith WILD. Put it this way: Comic artistry is hot and here to stay.

Also here to stay, we hope at Vancouver's own Cinefil film production company, an original group headed by Marcus Rogers. Last month I had the pleasure of viewing their festival of short films at—yes, again! can't help it if these guys produce good shit—the Smash Gallery of Modern Art. What a treat to see these little gems, lovingly directed with at least

one eye open to the ironic, "Ballet", a "stark expressionist tale of everlasting love and the corruption of innocence" was like an expose of film noir, with some great atmospheric touches and engaging performances by Lupita Yonderboy as the Arch Vampire and Joe Gallagher as the Computed Priest. "Concernna" was a twisted little piece of a man and a "toxic mutation of his own creation" who is chased into the sewers of the city. Some seriously hilarious spoofing on the art of filmmaking, aided by classic comic timing, Kent Slate (no joke) made such a perfect Concernna that you couldn't imagine anyone else in the part; where do they get these actors? Not only does Cinefil create fascinating out-type films with complex twists (others were "REEM", "The Gates", "MI", "Anniversary" and "my love, The Widowmaker" and direction-Kevin McBride, Shawn Milford, Neil Thompson and Mike Hills are the three other directors done with sensitivity and intelligence.

Emil Daley has some new and zany works up on the Cruel Elephant and the Hot Gossip Cafe, some done in performance when he hung himself by the ankles from the ceiling as a "Human Paintbrush," and they're nothing like anything he's done before. Then again, nothing he does is like anything he's done before, at least to himself, he's a "master of many styles, and a lot of pain." You can see the judge. The question on some people's minds may be: Daley becoming a baby-faced artist just a pain in the ass? I snagged a ride with him on the way to the Cinefil deal. He just had a bad week, having spent all day Tuesday in our esteemed city jail following a little fustle with the police on the beach. He swears he was innocent, "I was just having a bit of fun!" he protests. Well, what happened? The beach was empty, the lifeguard looked bored, so I ran up and tackled him to the ground from behind then ran into the water for a swim. When I came out, three big guys were waiting for me—they beat the shit out of me then snuggled me in a paddly wagon. "Oh my, he's been 'nubbed out' ever since that little incident. I ask him if he's a whiny little artist. "I'm the least whiny artist I know!" he says with that artist's stock of total innocence on his face. "I always take the shit," he complains. I ask him if it's because he knows he's guilty. "Noooooo, it's easier that way. "You like it easy?" "Yeah, for sure!" "Why?" "It's more fun, more relaxing—know what I mean? Shit, there's the cops, better put on my seatbelt." They don't like me these days."

We put on our seatbelts. Daley continues: "At Fattuccini's, I tried to get my headboards back and couldn't, so I went around a beer on the house and the owner went and called the police. Ever since then I have been plagued by the police." "So in other words you're a SHITDISTURBER, Emil?" "No way! I couldn't think of any other way of getting my things back." Uh oh! I'm starting to feel bad for this guy. Suddenly, he tells me "I'm scared." Uh...why is that? "Too many drugs." "When?" "Lately." "What kind?" "Oh, soft drugs—that's what the police say. Soft drugs and alcohol. Bad combination."

Suddenly he stops at a green light. "Emil: What the hell are you doing?" "Pussy, I'm stoned," he says. "No, I mean not literally, I'm going through emotional crisis, don't write that down!" Laugh and he says "O.K., put it down. Who cares—at least it's honest. Shit, I'm just a whiny artist." For the record, At least he's got the guts to let me print this lock, stock and barrel. Got to give him that. To me, this is real life and Daley's just another struggling artist. I'm out of here before the cops come.

by Sarah Chesterman



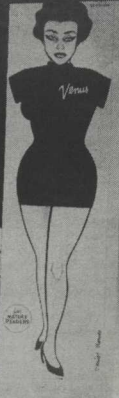
Photos courtesy of Smash Galleries

by Gilbert Hernandez

Summer Art Picks



by Jamie Hernandez



By Dan Clowes

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So, here we are. The Fringe is over and before you is the jottings of a Fringewalker. Right at the start I decided to see as many shows as possible, to ride the Drama rollercoaster without overlooking anything. Well, what with only a few minor interruptions, I managed to get to 45 shows in 9 days. Was it well worth the lack of sleep, the threats of disowned friends and family, having no clean socks and the disruption of all other forms of stimuli?...Fuck yes. Where else could I have seen the tragedy of Ophelia, performed by one of the ugliest dolls I have ever seen, or Pooh die, with Piglet exterminated, or more dysfunctional human beings than Barney's hives books for. All this while experiencing, vicariously, most of the major dramatic emotions, some of which have yet to be classified. (For instance, what does one call the feeling of being inside a freshly slaughtered cow?) So I thought I'd give you some personal memories and thoughts, then tell you a little bit about some of my favourites and, finally, a few survival hints to get you through THE FRINGE.



THE FIRST WHOLE FRINGE EXPERIENCE

BY ALFRED BOLSTER

THOUGHTS AND MOMENTS ABOUT THE FRINGE

1. To the volunteers and the co-ordinators—all the hours you put in showed. What a well run, pleasant environment you all created for the Fringe to exist in.

2. Visiting between shows, a delightful former student of Ms. Somerset, of studio fame, related tales to me of how the love of theatre had been instilled in her through only taking one course from this woman. She says she always remembers being told that theatre must be "vivid." Great word, she says, to describe most Fringe shows.

3. Was it a coincidence or just because someone was doing Hamlet that lines and jokes based on this play kept on popping up all over other shows? Bolson 3 minute version, The Bastard, In the Hoohah, Juana-bees, and others I've forgotten.

4. Great take-off's of modern dance routines. A battle between Martha Graham and Isadora Duncanists, that took place in Seahawk, made me feel all beautiful looked this ridiculous to our eyes. The Juana-bees, and others I've forgotten.

5. A beautiful and erotic East Indian grocer, lover, and savior, found in among the Bed of Lentils still lives me. And the baseball hat wearing local yokels, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, from Hamlet will always return a smile to my face. Know for a fact those boys drove their 4-wheel drive right up to Elsinore.

6. The best piece of physical art in the Mount Pleasant area has to be in the basement of the Heritage Hall: the urn in the men's washroom. The Dadas had loved it.

7. America's Most Funniest Home Video has to be the Father one from The Bastard, truly inspired feelings to all its best.

8. Nicest family relationship in the whole damn Fringe (get out of the way cleaners) had to be the incest loving White Queen and her sweetie son, the Black Prince, from a Grim Tale. Wow—can I rent a room from those folks?

9. Whether you liked the show or not, the enthusiasm and glow of the Russian troops from Animal Farm made sitting in the front row of this show like being washed in a tide of smiles.

10. Fucking Intellectual Theatre Snobs go away. You're boring and stupid. Here's a classic example: a bored, youngish, red-haired man, Heritage Hall, Westerns, evening 6:45 when asked if he'd be coming to the Fringe, he responded "As one becomes better educated one becomes more selective." Get thee to the Playhouse, knave.

10 **DRAGON**

11. So why are two curtain calls *de rigor*.

12. Why does the old sexist or racist joke still slip through? I mean were those 'Jewish' minks really necessary in Wallace and Women.

FRINGE FAVOURITES AND ALL THE WHO-HA

OF THE ENVELOPE PLEASE

I just wanted to throw in a few personal favourites and picks etc. in no particular order. Just performances, actors, or technical aspects that I found enthralling, interesting, or whatever.

Sins Of Our Father—this play had moments in it that I'm sure to many are impossible enough to think about let alone bear witness to on stage. Steven T. Makaj's performance as both abused man and child will haunt me for a long time. The transformation from confident store salesman to frightened pleading child just at the sound of his Father's voice spoke to me of excellent acting discipline and study of character.

Bed Among The Lentils—the quiet beauty of this one actor show written by Ian Bennett and performed by One's Company, the polished words of this script and the excellent delivery and insight by the actor made a tale of alcoholism and redemption shine in a wondrous light.

Hamlet—this 1 3/4 hour one man show, filled with wonder, knowledge of material, great sense of fun and play, and pathos, was not to be missed. It was the only show I attended which received a standing ovation. Clayton Jevne manages to remain fresh and alive throughout his heroic performance right down to his final popped balloon and light cue fade out. I don't care whether We Willie would have liked it or not; we did.

Abrasion—a great family romp through the Nuclear age of us all, and enough toxic waste for everyone.

The Bastard—a wonderful simple set, perfect for the Fringe venue, whose changing shape perfectly matched the changing moods of this darkening vision. The innovative use of video made me realize there really can be a use for a camcorder.

Getting Even and In The Penal Colony—these two plays were the most difficult hours I spent during the entire Fringe. The horrific machine in Penal Colony and the cracked mirror frantically contained world in Getting Even made me lose all sense of reality. In both cases I found myself in two different versions of a Hell neither of which I am over eagerly anxious to return to. Paul Crean's performance in Getting Even is my favourite scuzz-bag—noom in the Fringe.

Cameos Above and Beyond the Call—David Hurlbut's dog in Ice Cream and the

actor who portrayed the Sperm and The Pill in Jane's Ovaries (I'm really sorry I lost this program and therefore your name) were what I can say "seem pleasantly wonderful."

Provincetown—What a script, what surprises, and what acting. So often I really am not a fan of plays that have actors playing actors but this play was a pleasant exception. Hauntingly beautiful in terms of style and language, I am truly hoping this is one of many Fringe productions we will be able to see remounted this coming year. Whatever you do, please don't change it, just keep it polished.

Root of Chaos—What another fun outing this turned out to be, another family from Hell and our block comedies. Robert McCullough's performance as Skeeter was I think my favourite all-time bouncing, boy-sun, wide-eyed silly youth. A fine time and just enough message. Besides we all hate fear so it's a great villain.

As I watched the various posters being removed, to more lamp posts etc. I realized that, for me, Labour day is no longer the end of summer, the End of the Fringe is. Watching the posters fall from the kiosks left me with a desire to take a bag home and cover them with autumn leaves, in some sort of a post-Fringe Dionysian rite.

I made it through a great Fringe this year. Despite intense Fringing, I didn't lose my job and I still have some friends that are still talking to me. Emotionally I still feel a bit jangled but that's to be expected from high quality stimulation of the old grey matter. I'm not ready for another Fringe next week but definitely next year. I'd say that the Fringe this year reached a really commendable standard in both production, scripts and acting. Some of the best work ever that I have seen in the Fringe was accomplished this year. Watching the mixes of peoples, encompassing all ages, economic, and social specs, really makes one see how the Fringe has managed to capture and make a large spectrum of the city feel welcomed. Here, maybe we will be able to fix that ozone hole after all. Theatre is the great melting pot—no wonder dictators close down theatres. Ideas abound and make things, as Mr. Somerset said, "Vivid." This great sense of performance has once again been created and served by several thousands to even more thousands. As one big theatre glutted, I just want to say it was a Hell of a meal and a dynamite way to end the summer. Its going to give me many hours of memories, soul reaching themes, smiles and waves of pursuit to pursue over the coming wet days of winter. See you next year and thanks again it was one of the best...

FRINGE SURVIVAL ADVICE

1. Get your program as early as possible, read it, study it, and read it all again!!! You don't want to be like one couple studying the board Friday night deciding on a show, going off to see it, only to find it is sold out.

2. Then, returning, to repeat the whole procedure only to find out 3 hours later about the wonders of COWS...the Central Outlet Wicket Service. This is where you can buy all your tickets in advance for the whole day or for any shows up to an hour before curtain, when the sales move through their venue.

3. Re-do your schedule—I'm putting this comment here to tell you that you will be reworking plans continually as you find out what's hot and what's not, cancellations, etc. Don't worry, changing your schedule is all part of the Whole Fringe Experience.

4. While at COWS don't forget to check the rush board. Many shows go on sale the day of the performance and a show for only \$4 is a deal anywhere, even better than a Tuesday night movie.

5. Wear good Sensible Footwear, leave your high heels at home. If you're wondering why, try getting from Mount Pleasant Community Centre on 16th to the Anza club on 8th in 3 inch heels within 15 minutes. Good luck and remember if you're late, you don't get in. No exceptions.

6. Gets lots of sleep, save your physically to the end. You are going to get party-tired and emotionally silly with excessive Fringing.

7. Take a book or paper with you. Sometimes the lines can be boring, with no one interesting to eavesdrop on.

8. Wear clothes in the old layers routine: cold outside, maybe, but rolling in some venues.

9. Get to COWS early on in the day, especially if you want hot tickets, because it can save you re-doing your itinerary. While I'm mentioning COWS, just a small note to

all the volunteers who worked there... what a job you guys did, always smiling and so efficient too.

10. Get to the venue early. This is important for seat selection as one can't see through the posts at the Anza Club and seats with a back rest, i.e. the top rows in the Heritage Hall, are essential for surviving a 90 minute performance.

11. Try to give your days an emotional mix. A day of rape, murder, and mayhem can leave you feeling unhealthy as can a day of great comedy/balance.

12. Talk and compare, read reviews, gossip with everyone, listen in on conversations in line-ups, these are the only ways to discover hidden pearls among the rhinestones. Talking to everyone includes the performers, techs, whom-ever...don't be shy, ask them about their shows and what they recommend.

13. Take a chance and go see a show you would never see anywhere else because of the subject matter or style—remember those marked down tickets at COWS.

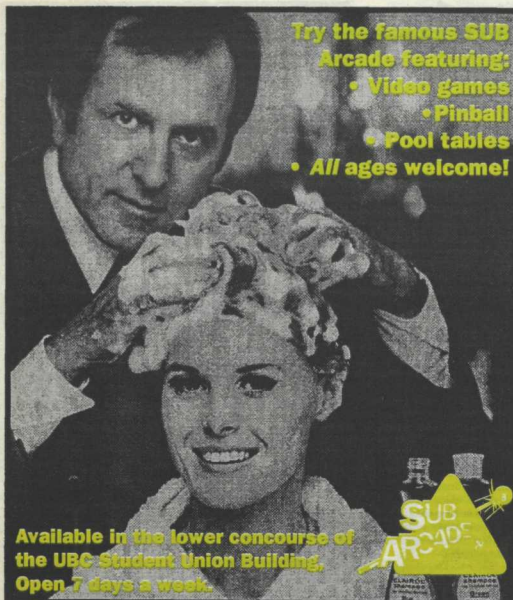
14. See at least one classic you—don't know when it's going to be done again and it's great for comparison's sake.

15. See the hits early. The venues are less crowded plus you'll be able to lord it over others towards the end of the week when they are scrambling for tickets.

16. Try not to become bored with the feelings of angst, disillusionment and excessive attitude sometimes found on stage or at the Fringe Club.

17. Visit, at least once, the infamous Grant Cafe to see the real artists. This venue must be pursued later in the day for the full performance. No tickets necessary.

18. Remember if you missed the whole damn thing there's still the Victoria Fringe and the Beyond the Fringe shows at the Van East Cultural Centre. (No real substitute, though, still better than nothing.)



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That damn month of October 11

Playing Live in Hell's Ditch

The Pogues in Vancouver

by Shawn Bouchard



On the evening before my interview with Spider Stacy I stayed up late listening to all the Pogues albums in my collection. I had trouble sleeping that night. I have to say the Pogues make me want to dance and jig all night long until I drop down dead or drunk, preferably the latter. There's something about their music that gets my feet tapping and starts an awful thirst for drink which leaves my mouth dry. I think it might have something to do with the fact that the band originated out of the pubs of Kings Cross, a borough of London. The band has come a long way from the early days of the Shane MacGowan, Spider Stacy and Jen Finer trio all the while maintaining their energy and intensity. The Pogues were originally known as Pogue Mahone, which in Gaelic means "Kissmyass", until a clever employee of the BBC figured out the meaning of the monicker. Then Pogue Mahone became The Pogues. And so, as history does its thing, the Pogues have gone on to be, in my opinion, one of the best bands in recent memory. I had a chance to speak with Spider Tracy and here's what transpired...

What about this new tour, where are you going and how long is it going to take you to get there?
We are going throughout the United States and Canada for about

three weeks—just to remind people that we're still breathing. Actually, the only other Canadian date we're doing is Toronto, which is sorta of a drag.

What everybody wants to know is what has happened with Shane for this tour?

The situation is that stands at the moment is not yet exactly resolved. He's sort of taken temporary retirement from touring which might yet turn into permanent retirement from touring. Depending upon how things turn out however, hopefully he will still be writing for the Pogues. It is kind of rash to speculate too much about what's going to happen in the future because it is still early on the days. I can't answer any questions about his future with any degree of certainty because I myself don't know the answer to them. I certainly don't want to start any vicious rumors or say anything that sounds that I'm having a go at Shane or anything like that.

How is Joe Strummer working out?

We haven't had very much time to rehearse—unfortunately only three days. Effectively only two days because of one thing or another. He's familiar with a lot of the songs anyway because of the tour he did with us when Philip [Chevron] was sick and he was playing guitar. It'll be different, I'll be interesting of course it just might take us a little while to get into our swing. We're planning on taking extended sound checks but the best way of getting things right is doing them live in front of an audience. Everyone's pretty happy with the way things are going. I hope no one is going to be disappointed and I don't think they will be.

What did Joe bring, production-wise, to the last album?
He agreed with

us. He gave us free reign but was always ready to apply the whip when necessary. Having a band with eight people in it, the whip is not a bad idea every now and again to keep people on the right track. There is a tendency to wander.

Do you like playing to a Canadian audience, and do you notice any difference between Canadian and American audiences?

I don't really like talking about these things in terms of countries. A more accurate way of doing it, I think, is by comparing different cities. To use an American example, say a Detroit audience has more in common with a British audience than say a Los Angeles audience. In Canada, Toronto and Vancouver are two very different cities. The whole atmosphere of them are different and that is reflected in the nature of the audiences. There are very few cities that I would say are definitely better than others in terms of audience reactions: Glasgow, Belfast. I must say in North America the Detroit audience stand head and shoulders above the rest. It seems, however, that everywhere we go in Canada we get a good response whereas in the States it varies. Although I should say in Canada we have only played Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, and Quebec City. Which for the second largest country in the world is...maybe I should keep my mouth shut.

Was the last album, *Hell's Ditch*, recorded more as a live album or was it laid down track by track in the studio, fine tuning every aspect of the recordings?

It is live in the sense that there are not very many overdubs on it. We sort of banged down straight away in the studio. There are certain songs perhaps where it is better to take a more considered approach.

For *Hell's Ditch* did you test out the material on audiences first or did you just write and record them?

No they were

new in the sense that we hadn't played them before an audience yet. The only album, besides the first one where we have been able to break songs in live was *Fall From Grace*. I think everything from that had been fairly exhaustively played on stage. That is the only way to do it. When you play a song after a few nights in a live atmosphere you find spaces in which you can do other things—at the risk of sounding like a hippie.

The title track of the last album was awfully dark. Where did it come from and what does it relate to?

Well, for that you would really have to ask Shane because he wrote it, the lyrics anyway. But I think it finds its inspiration from things that Shane has read by people like Lockyer and Jean Genet...this sounds really pretentious, fucking hell. Sorry, I'm not supposed to say that. There's always been a strong sort of unhealthy obsession with death, the more morbid side of life, which is death. 'Hell's Ditch' is another episode of the story that started a few years ago with songs like "Dark Streets of London," Pessimism rules.

Are you superstitious?

Yeah, I'm superstitious. I experience a qualm when I wake up and realize it's Friday the 13th. I've even got a bloody 13 tattooed on my arm. I know Shane's superstitious. I think I can fairly safely say that we're all superstitious to a certain degree. I think most people are. I mean are you superstitious? If you were walking along a street and saw a ladder propped up against the wall would you walk underneath it?

I guess I would probably think twice about it, yeah.

If you just watch people, you know, very few people walk underneath a ladder.

Did the last album complete The last album contract? Do you have a record label in North America?

Quite honestly I'm not sure. We did have it and but I was kindly informed by a



Journalist from the Boston Globe yesterday that we don't have them anymore. This fact has just been confirmed to me by one of our journalistic colleagues from Chicago. So, in regards to North America, I have no idea. I know I should but nobody over tells me anything.

Are the Pogues working on any new material?

Well, we have a host of album coming out in the end of September or October, I'm not too sure. We're not contractually required to make another album or produce another album until this time next year. So that gives us plenty of time to work out new material. We've got lots of stuff left over from the last two albums which is there to be delved into and put into shape. At the moment we've got this tour of North America, then France and Britain, and then in the new year, Australia. So we want to get that out of the way first and then we'll have the time and, hopefully, more songs.

How does the band write a song?

We don't really write songs together. Shane and Jen [Finer] collaborated on a few together, quite a lot together in fact. That situation there, generally, would be that Jen would have a tune and Shane would have some words. Or Jen would have a tune and Shane would write some lyrics for it, or vice versa. It tends to be a haphazard process really.

But I must say that it comes together very good?
Yeah it does. It's not something that we have headaches about. The most problem-

atical one was Fairytale of New York, which took about two years to get right. Mainly due to the fact that Shane was not happy with the lyrics the way they were originally written. Sometimes lyrics can be very awkward to get right. You want to express it right.

So where did you learn to play the tin whistles?

I had a little book with diagrams in it.

What do you outside of the Pogues?

I generally sit in the pub, read a newspaper and hope people to death with often repeated anecdotes of life on the road.

What's your favourite beer?

Actually I don't like beer, but if I had to name one, Pilsner Urquell, a Czech lager, and although I'm not Irish, Guinness—but only in Ireland. The stuff you get over there [Canada] is muck. Yeah. A few pubs in Britain have drinkable Guinness but for the real stuff you have to go over to Ireland.

The Pogues will be playing the Commodore Ballroom October 4. The PNE Garden Auditorium October 5. Go!

GIVE MY REGARDS TO YOUR MUM

By Helen Godolphin



"I feel very, very strongly that people who are gay shouldn't have to write about it all the time, nor should we look to their work in the context of being gay. You don't look at me and say 'There's Bill's work, he likes to shag women from behind' that doesn't come into it." —Billy Bragg

Billy Bragg was nice to me. He wore sunglasses, no socks and his bed was unmade. I had difficulty with the Marxist which he kindly doctored for me. Basically he's approachable, polite, friendly, and direct. Sorry, no dirt. Still, now you know what he eats out for breakfast.

You played a Greenpeace concert last night. BILLY BRAGG: Is that what it was? Damn.

Are you a member of Greenpeace? No, I'm not much of a joiner of organizations, I'm afraid. I'm not very good at following party lines.

Did you enjoy Chilliwack's performance? Did you see them? I had to fly in from Los Angeles really early so I'm ashamed to say I slept through it...but it was either that or just fall asleep on stage. But I'm told it was truly good.

Yeah, well, Chilliwack is a bit of a Canadian legend. That's what my friend from Detroit tells me.

Do you want a serious question? Come on, give us your serious question.

Has your political stance and ideology changed any due to events like Tiananmen in China and the more recent events in the Soviet Union?

Not really because of Tiananmen, because that was just straight forward totalitarian oppression, but nobody who is socialist could fail to be changed by the events in the Soviet

Union. Consequently, my feelings about socialism changed in as much as the period of logical manifestation. I came to socialism not for Marxism or Leninism but because it was an ideological manifestation of my basic fundamental humanitarian ideas. So, now that we're in the post-Marxist phase, I'm not in a position where the ideology is bankrupt. I'm in a position where I'm a step back and I can go back to my humanitarian ideals. Without too much worry I can go back to the core of my socialist feelings rather than get lost in a maze of Marxist dogma.

How about a frivolous question? Yeah, give us a frivolous question. Who's this one from?

This one is mine. It's actually in honour of this [pointing to my DJ Sound War T-Shirt]. You see we're hosting a local rap competition for people from around Vancouver and Seattle and stuff and I was wondering if you wanted to share your feelings about rap music: whether you like it or not? I like it. I'm not really sure where the line between rap and all that kind of stuff lies anymore. People that I listen to from that genre, people like KRS-1, Boogie Down Productions, A Tribe Called Quest, De La Soul, Consolidated. Is that rap or is that not rap?

Yeah. Is it? Thank you very much. So that's the kind of people I listen to but I'm opposed to sexism and racism in all their forms. Even when they're in the form of black youth singing about...using the sexist and racist

terms I have to say I'm opposed to that as well. The worst excesses of rap are, in my eyes, the worst excesses of heavy metal, they're pretty similar and I'm not surprised that some of those bands are linking up with one another. If they've got nothing better to do than sing about chasing pussy then I, quite honestly, don't really want to hear about it. If they can't articulate those urges that we all feel in a more positive way then... Everyone goes through a period of talking like that but you usually grow out of it by the time you're thirteen or fourteen. These people are thirty and still talking like that. Their minds must be really worried about them. I'm surprised they let them out.

The guy who brought me down here was telling me about this guitar book that you came out with... Oh, the taxi driver gave you questions for me as well, bloody hell! You've just been canvassing people. In the supermarket, "I'll be seeing Billy Bragg, anyone got any questions?"

Well, my mum was very impressed...

"Ask him if he's having an affair with Wendy James." Go on, what, your mum was impressed? Did she give you a question?

No, she just reassured me that you seemed like a very nice man. I'd like to think that my listeners' minds think I'm a nice man. Maybe she should speak to my mum because my mum thinks that I'm not doing the right thing. So what about the guitar book?

Has anybody come up to you and said they learned how to play guitar because of your book? And do you hear really had renditions of your songs now?

Yeah, but usually it's me that's playing them, when I can't remember how the tunes go. It's not really difficult for people to plug into the Bragg tradition, but now with the advent of Johnny Marr on the new record it's going to change. It's hard enough for me to play them. I have to look at the chord book now.

You called *The Internationale* "not the next Billy Bragg album" but "a personal project." Can you explain that? Well, one, I didn't write many of the songs on it. Two, a lot of them were political songs. A Billy Bragg album shouldn't just be an album of political songs. The new album is much much broader and I tried to sound much broader than that [*The Interna-*

tionale]. And I'd already had about 3 or 4 songs written for that by the time I went to make it so I knew that *The Internationale* itself, the song, wouldn't fit on the new album. It was too heavyweight. It would have been out of kilter with the rest of the record.

Besides the change in hairdo how is John Major different from Maggie Thatcher? He wears glasses and doesn't wear a dress—not in public anyway. Not that much different really because it's only a change of style. What they do is still the same. We really needed a general election because we've had a British coup. There has actually been a coup with the Conservative party, changing the government without going to the ballot box. That's a coup. It's incredible that it just happened like that and everyone accepted it. The closest we're ever going to get to a real apology from the Conservative party, for what they've done to us for the last twelve years, is the removal of Thatcher. But by the same token, they really should have let the electorate do it rather than doing it in the back. It just goes to show how politicians are basically careerist and they'll sacrifice anything, anything to lose their jobs—even the leader of their party. They're quite willing to sacrifice an entire generation of people like that if they're willing to sacrifice their own leader.

Do you think there is any hope of getting rid of the conservative party? Yeah. There's a lot of hope.

When you were a kid, when people asked you "what do you want to be when you grow up?" what did you say?

What did I want to be? I wanted to be a zookeeper because I liked the idea of looking after the gorilla. Then I've always wanted to do this since I was about 13. It took me a long time to realize it. I can remember telling Elaine Moss when we were about 14 years old, 15 years old that I was

going to do this. To impress her. It didn't impress her at all actually, but she'd be pretty impressed now. If she could see me now that I've met Donny Osmond, I spoke to Slade last weekend. All those people that Elaine really liked, except David Cassidy. But I'll tell you what, Elaine, if you only knew then what we know now, you'd have definitely come to this party with me.

Maybe she could have met Donny Osmond too? She wouldn't have liked him.

Do you favor any particular color in socks? I notice you're not wearing any right now. Argyles. I favor argyles, nice woolly argyles. Not very good for this kind of weather but good for winter in England. That is one of my vanities I'm afraid, socks and underwear. I just can't stop wearing them and clean ones every day at that. See, your mum was right.

I'll bet your mum's happy to hear that.

That's the greatest change in my life actually. I own now more socks than socks and I've ever owned before. That is the main change in my quality of life since becoming a "rock star."

Do you feel that this success and excess of underwear interferes with your ability to relate to the ordinary people in the audience? No, in a word. It's almost as much an assistance thing as it is a performer thing. The audience get the feeling you're not approachable and you kind of put out that vibe and before you know who you are you're not talking and filing for divorce. As long as you remain accessible and you keep doing things in a way that the audience feel that they could come up and speak to you if they saw you in the supermarket buying some cheese or mineral water.

Have you had anybody come up and speak to you in the hotel?

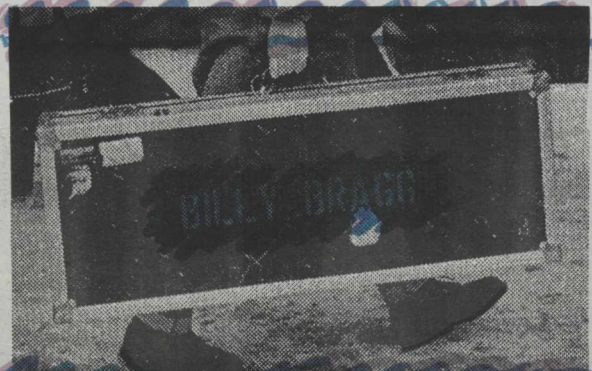
No, not in the hotel. Hotels are unreal. This isn't the real world. If they put an animal in the zoo they put in the things that fit in the animal's environment, but you know it's not real. You've got all that sort of stuff there (pointing to the kitchen area) but you've never got any Corn Flakes or those things right in the back of the cupboard that you always rely on like baked beans or spaghetti hoops. They don't give you any of those. There's no cassette machine—there's no way you can come in and play a cassette really loud. They give you a TV but what can you see on the TV apart from Team Canada and the Americans play ice hockey. That was a good game. Pity about Gretzky.

Is that what you wanted to have for breakfast this morning, Corn Flakes? No, I actually woke up early enough to get on the breakfast roll, so I was able to have a cheese omelette for breakfast and I was able to have oatmeal and toast which is kind of close to what I have at home, and coffee and some Marmite.

When you're 80 will people still call you Billy?

I hope they call me grandad actually. "Oh, Grandad, get off the bloody stage." Um, yeah, I hope so. One, if I live that long; two, if I'm still in control of all my faculties at that time; and three, I hope that people remember me when I'm 80 and I'm not just some old codger. So if all those three come to pass then, yeah, I'll be quite happy if people call me Billy. But you know what, it's like at that age when people call you "sir." I might even revert to Stephen, who knows. Actually I imagine by then I'll be just caring what people call me. If someone still brings me a cup of tea and Marmite on toast I'll be happy.

Billy Bragg, coming to a supermarket near you.



That damn month of October 13



The *Strawberry Alarm Clock* never broke up.

They also never quit their day jobs, according to founding member and rhythm guitarist Lee Freeman who today works in Southern California for a computer software corporation. Lee called me from work to discuss the past twenty-four years of the Clock at my request. The latest incarnation of the group was scheduled to play CHRX's Rockstock at the Plaza of Nations on October 10, 1991. Freeman was to catch up on that gaping hole in SAC history, namely the last twelve decades. Of course, inevitable circumstances have kept the original line-up far from intact, with only Lee and bassist John "The Dude" Freeman of the group's inception. A new lead guitarist and drummer round out this leaner version of a group that once, as a sextet, had an organism figure prominently in their sound. Nevertheless, with two integral original members, Freeman and Dude, the title-paranoid to dispute parenage with SAC—circa 1991, in an age when going to a Byrds show means seeing original drummer Michael Clarke stands drunkenly through a haze of smoke and beer.

Byrds, my group dedicated enough to carry on the relative obscure leg-

joy on some level, but for me it was clear who the day's outcome was riding on. Luckily I was able to get hold of Lee Freeman's work phone number. Our subsequent conversations first eased my doubts, and then got me genuinely excited for the upcoming show. Talking with him was hardly even reminiscent of my worst-case-scenario interview with Reverend Sixties Icon:

Me: So sir, what were the sixties really like?

RSI: Well, you know what they say, if you can remember the sixties you weren't there! Heh, heh! Yeah, Whisky-Au-Go-Go blah blah blah brown acid blah blah blah blah...

Tea years ago my interest in SAC encompassed the "Incense and Peppermints" single, the only one of their recordings then available to me. For many, the name Strawberry Alarm Clock begins and ends here, with their biggest hit and one of their best performances. The well known legend surrounding the song is that the session's producer did not feel any members of the Clock were suited to sing the track, and instead, had one of their friends (present in the studio) handle the lead vocal (this would be his first and last gig with SAC). "Incense and Peppermints," stream of consciousness lyrics, randomly pulled from a rhyming dictionary by outsider John Carter combined with a hypnotic instrumental track that features Oingo Boingo's future lead guitarist on flute to make

The inside of the Clock often overlooked is their penchant for the satirical. "Half of everything we ever did was parody," Lee claims, countering arguments of pretentiousness that have comprised analyses of SAC and the past. And although the lyrics of Donovan and the Rolling Stones is hopelessly dated in light of all those artists have done to achieve that end themselves, some of SAC's burlesque moments have endured the passage of time quite well. I mean, any jazz that records a thoroughly lame group instrumental to pad out their debut album, rushed out as a novelty, is bound to have some impressive sales, and then has the audacity to entitle it *Past Time With SAC* deserves points for their willingness or, can or, both. However, the real fun begins when that distinction between farce and artistic statement is less clear, and you don't know what in the hell these guys are talking about.

Happy also from their debut with a lyric Lee purports is their drummer's life story:

A little sparrow alive in the street
A little sparrow with nothing to eat
A big ol' semi running down the street
A squished dead birdy lying at my feet

Can't you see I'm a sadist
Evil things make me happy
And that's why I'm unhappy - yeah!

as the group's road manager, a development that would sever his ties with SAC once and for all. Lee relates the story: "We played in Madison, Wisconsin at a Catholic girl's school (Lovetro) went on stage and he had his briefcase handcuffed to himself. After, the Mother Superior came up and we were trying to figure out the financial arrangement. He got in an argument with her and spouted very loudly, with the PA on several obscenities at her." Exit Gary Lovetro. He has since gone on to find the perfect outlet for his hostilities, working as a policeman in Florida.

If I thought (as I did) that a member of a psychedelic band at the nucleus of the late sixties California music scene would have a few stories of decadence to relate, think again. "We were very protective of each other," Lee remembers, avuncularly maintaining that SAC stayed clear of groupies and never touched drugs. You can decide for yourself how literally you want to take Lee's comments. In any case, the point is to apparently take it that SAC were not iconoclasts in the spirit of the hippie movement that they were intensely identified with. Their professionalism was a virtue. They were working, earning their slice of "hardest working band in show biz" and choice roles in the movies *Psych Out* with Jack Nicholson and Russ Meyer's *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls* (in which the lead actress runs "It's

night," Lee recalls, "we hear the knock on the door again and at each room there's a state trooper, local policeman, and a film crew...and Randy (SAC's original drummer) just happened to be in bed with the mayor's daughter." Exit Chevy Chase and Coppertone as SAC sponsors.

Contrary to their aforementioned image, which pinpoints 1968 as the year SAC chose to reunite, Lee maintains the group never broke up. "I never said they broke up," he explains, "every once in a while we would jump on it, but we always kept playing and recording." The last twenty-four years of SAC have not been without hiatuses, however. "I quit to join the ranks of Lynyrd Skynyrd in the early seventies (King still plays with this group who made his 'Freebird' and 'Sweet Home Alabama' compositions famous). I quit again to go to the States and do stand-up and variety gigs but kept the Clock Factory busy these last few years, performing where ever from L.A.'s China Club (with Mickey Dolenz) to a recovering Bobby [Hafford] to nationwide in a show with Love, the band that was the first to record 'The Psychotic Summer of Love Tour.' Looking back on those shows, Less experienced mixed feelings over sharing the bill with Love: 'I was like, 'This is a little bit of a condescend[ing] gig,' I would say. 'Hey, man, I just broke my guitar, and you

could negotiate in my admittedly deteriorated state of mind was to have permission to photograph during the first three songs of SAC's set. The promoter was instantly willing to pay my fee, but I had to make one deal: I assured myself that Lee had done everything in his power to come through for me, as he had so generously and appreciatively offered on the phone. Besides, the CHIROK guys were a lot more personable than I'd seemed much more likely to have screwed something up, so I lavished SAC's set with hardly any bad taste in my mouth at all.

Surprisingly, I found out the next day that I'd played out of the beginning, following the CHIROK Classic Rockers. The latter pulled off the kind of lowest common denominator crap that is so insulting to any discriminating person that it's almost impossible to witness its banality in a way that is vitally impossible after experiencing it. From "Old Time Rock & Roll" on downwards, the crowd lapped it up, resembling those films they used to show of Russian mass entertainers performing in front of a crowd of some kind of Western culture, or a McFarrell McCartney record, or a McDonald's. While this analysis may be far from correct or complete, watching the Classic Rockers play the CHIROK set was like watching these apocalyptic sentiments down. One of the on-stage phones even made that utterly lame "if you can remember the sixties you weren't there" line and for a moment, in my stupor, I thought, "I know how surreal and lame this is."

My attention was drawn away just in time to see SAC's Dodge van pulling up behind the stage. I ran around and got a shot of George Bunnell's back as he unloaded his gear, making sure all the while that I wasn't getting in anyone's way. Nevertheless, a security guy grabbed and forced me back behind a fence with all the fervor of one of Prince's personal bodyguards or something—a little unnecessary, but perfectly characteristic of an event where things were being handled a little too seriously. Sort of like being wallopped for soliciting an autograph from one of the guys in Johnny Hates Jazz.

At about one o'clock in the afternoon, SAC took the stage before a mellow but appreciative throng. They played a good, though not spectacular set of music that one fleetingly recalled the group they were in the sixties. The band was particularly strong and focussed on the blues, and played a few songs that still had some of the urgency lost on many writers with time. Their cover material, excepting a fine instrumental rendition of the Beatles' "Day Tripper," paled in comparison, especially on an overly long tribute to Jimi Hendrix that nevertheless received the set's biggest round of applause. Only "Rainy Day Mushroom Pillow" and "Sense and Peppermints" (the latter which Lee introduced by saying "we're gonna play our new song") were original songs. SAC's was a very original body of work. While I enthusiastically welcome SAC's life changes which allow them to change and evolve, I interpreted their omission of early Clock material as a

acy that is the Clock's music deserves a full chance to live up to that legend on stage.

Althus said, I still wasn't completely sold on the scheduled demystification of SAC. And the haphazardly written bio the show's promoters had thrust in my hands only made matters worse. After all, there wasn't just some bogus childhood myth at stake; this was the cold sober reality of shelling out eighteen dollars for a concert ticket of uncertain merit. This price also covered six other bands (including Grand Funk and War) who I would probably en-

a most auspicious debut for the group, becoming their only major (not to mention #1) hit. Thankfully, a fine import compilation came out on the Big Beat label in 1987, (*Strawberries Mean Love*), to preserve this song and some of SAC's subsequent material which, despite its excellence, almost invariably sunk without a trace at the time of initial release. Suffice it to say that suggesting there is more to SAC than "Incense and Peppermints" is tantamount to observing that Alex Chilton did not exhaust his creative arsenal as lead singer for the Box Tops.

Musically, SAC were one of the era's only pop groups, this side of the Phil Spector house band, to experiment with twin bass players. As it turns out, this strange amalgam was not a misguided attempt at broadening the Clock's musical horizons. "Our manager did not have the intestinal fortitude to fire the first bass player," Lees reveals, speaking of ex-member Gary Lovetro whose playing he sums up with the reflection "to say he sucked would be a great compliment." For their early tours, Lovetro took on double-duty

so great to be at a real Hollywood party listening to the music of the Strawberry Alarm Clock." Inevitably, the group locked horns with the law while on tour, in Peoria, Illinois, at the height of their career. Arriving at the Holiday Inn in town a day early, the frustrations of a long tour nearly erupted in a fist-fight with Colonel Sanders. Now under suspicion, the Clock spent the evening setting off their cache of smoke bombs, ultimately a bad call as it drew the attention of the management who found damage had been done to a Gideon's Bible. "Later that

the night my friend Tim had thrown me through a door, at which point we took the host's suggestion to "take a walk and cool down" as our cue to leave. I woke up a few hours later feeling completely paranoid and ready to unravel, a state easily aggravated by my surroundings. Upon arriving at the Plaza of Nations, I was informed that the backstage access Lee had promised me and "two of my closest friends" was not forthcoming. And on top of that, their handgun beefcake squad (called Intrepid Security, no less) would not let me in with my camera. The best deal I

concession to its own obscurity, especially in light of all the better known (but in this context, musically more dispensable) covers that padded out their set. Most importantly, however, you could tell these guys still loved to be on stage making music and entertaining people as

decided to wait outside while I'd try to work something out with Mr. Freeman in person. Well, at the end of the autograph session Lee disappeared somewhere inside the vacant beer garden where the masses had taken to building pyramids with the plastic Labbatt's cups. George



PHOTO: MIKE ELLIEN

an end in itself, for they certainly weren't getting rich at it.

An autograph tent was set up behind the stage, a nice idea that gave the crowd a chance to get the souvenir t-shirts signed. The new guitarist came out first, a cheerful and paunchy type (referred to by Lee as "Love God" on stage) who, despite the string of love beads around his neck, looked every bit like a computer technician on his day off. He stayed perfectly in character throughout, even inadvertently knocking over a fold-out chair as he sat down to sign. I found it a little more difficult to warm up to SAC's new drummer, a guy who looked tailor-made for Journey with his wet and curly shoulder-length locks, and appeared at the autograph table wearing a satin jacket with a couple of dice and the name of a Reno nightclub on it. George Bunnell, on the other hand, was quite personable and took the time to include "S.A.C. '91" and a peace sign with each autograph. Unfortunately, Lee Freeman came out on a serious superstar trip (or something that reeked of that to me), giving an "oh, yeah, right, him" when I'd introduced myself to him after spending a few moments with a "why would I know you?" type mug on his face. Was this the guy who offered me free admission and the chance to develop my story free from the hassling of promoters and thugs (read: security guards) now acting like he had no recollection of ever talking to me? So he was, and feeling that "so what?" would be the healthiest way to address this snub, I decided not to dwell on it.

Now the sub-plat kicks in. All day long, Nardwuar has been waiting outside the gates with his Camcorder, hoping for a few minutes of interview footage with Lee to use on his show. While recording my interview with Lee down at CTR, I'd mentioned to Nardwuar how affable Lee had been on the phone, and we decided my backstage access would be the perfect opportunity for him to interview this bizarre collection of bands on the Rockstock bill. When the backstage passes fell through, he

Bunnell was still hanging around, on a whim, I asked him if he was willing to be interviewed for a few minutes. He obliged by talking with Nardwuar for at least forty minutes on camera, with Lee coming over halfway through to chime in. In the course of the conversation, George unwittingly contradicted virtually everything Lee had said to me on the phone, things I did not expect should be taken as divine proclamation yet that I still thought would contain some semblance of the truth. Stories flowed freely about the Clock having their rocks plaster-casted in Chicago, experimenting liberally with mesaline and other drugs of choco-classic rock'n'roll stuff that would live up to anyone's Babylonian expectations of Hollywood during that era. I don't know if this is some second-rate replay of the Lester Bangs-Lou Reed scenario (which is not intended to put me in Lester's company but only to recall the pathological lying of Lou in their interviews), or whether Lee is just another Hollywood phony, but I guess the lesson learned is that either way it doesn't matter a pile of whit. I've spent most of the last few paragraphs feeling sorry for myself, which says more about the difficulty I have separating the music from the person than how badly Lee bummed me at the Rockstock. In the end, the original music of the Strawberry Alarm Clock still sounds great to my ears and the new stuff is more than competent, which is almost as good a final word as any band could hope for a quarter of a century after their inception. The lesson learned with Lee is just one more in what has been a series for me, and I never met the one that drove the aforementioned Lester Bangs to write:

I never met a hero I didn't like. But then, I never met a hero. But then, maybe I wasn't looking for one.

I've given up trying to stop loving my idols. But at least I've also given up trying to take them seriously.



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November is going to be great with Tar, Pegboy and Claw Hammer coming your way. We'll keep you posted. That new address again is 23 west cordova. Phone 688-5351. And remember, the cruel elephant loves you!! Did I mention new?

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UNDER REVIEW

The Pixies Trompe Le Monde Polygram

Worst Ten Things About The Pixies

10. They wear way too much leather. How many cows did it take to make the video for "Dig For Fire"?
9. They toured with Jane's Addiction.
8. Now that they are big enough, we'll have to go to crap venues like the PNE Forum and pay \$25 just to see them do a sixty minute set in which they always leave out their best songs.

There are no other bad things about The Pixies.

Top Ten Things About The Pixies new album *Trompe Le Monde*

10. We don't have to worry about any videos in which the artist(s) takes off his/her clothes and struts their stuff before the camera. Black Francis is not good looking enough to be able to exploit himself in videos or artwork, proving once again that even sloppy guys with beer bellies can be geniuses. (Well, I don't know if I ever has been proved before, but it does set an example for all us currently slim, but growing

everyday, people to look up to when those pants you have on now just won't zip up.)

9. The Heavis and Mary Chain's "Head On" as covered, and blown away, by The Pixies on *Trompe Le Monde*. It was a good thing that the Mary Chain failed when they did the song, otherwise there would have been no need for Black Francis to turn it into an all out screaming rocker that caused the Ried Brothers to say upon hearing The Pixies play their version live. (WRITER'S WARNING: This quote is taken from the *Melody Maker*, which is kind of like quoting "The World Weekly News" when using a source for a new story). "F*** it, this is how it should sound."

8. "Planet of Sound." My god, how did Steve Albini get back into the recording studio during this one? Who would have thought that Gil Norton was capable of producing such sounds? This song takes few prisoners, and the ones it does take it beats mercilessly. (If you look closely you can see the bruises around my eyes). The rattle of beer bottles, distorted screaming vocals, distorted screaming guitars. Releasing this as the first single shows that, (as the song says), "this ain't no f***ing around." If you didn't pick up the single for this song, do so, as "Theme From NARC" is not on the album and is worth the price. 7. Kim Deal's bass guitar. Sure Kim isn't allowed to sing anymore, but it's the price you pay when your side project becomes nearly as popular as the big guy's band. For example, if Cecil Felder started hitting home runs in his spare time for the Blue Jays, don't you think Sparky would get a little up-

set and maybe be Cecil in the number eight spot? Well, that may make no sense to anyone who reads *Disorder*, the magazine of the sports-less culture, but I'm sure someone got it. Anyway, Kim's vocal absence gives her added time to focus on the thumping of her bass guitar, which is mixed louder and distorted more than ever before. Just wait until you hear "Space (I Believe In)." And anyway, she needs to save what's left of her cigarette ravaged vocal chords for the next Breeders album.

6. Black Francis' dedication to his and Joey Santiago's ex-educational institution, the University of Massachusetts, "U-Mass," which makes nearly everything on *Bossanova* sound like an REO Speedwagon song—but in a good way, kinda like "In Your Letter" (use your imagination). A song about communism, capitalism, kissing the sky, kissing ass, and how it is all educational. Not. Give this group project an "A."

5. "Jeffrey with a 'F.' Jeffrey with a 'F.'" I should probably tell you more, but you'll just have to wait until October 8th. Damn.

4. The guitars, the guitars, the guitars. In an interview that The Man did earlier in the year, (think about it, if the interview had been later in the year, would we be talking about Duh?), he warned that the biggest problem in the mixing of the album was that no one could hear the drums because the guitars were so damn loud. Well, someone was stretching the truth just a little bit, because you can hear the drums if you shut off headphones, turn the bass up all the way, and go "Thump, thump, thump, thump" on what you think should be the beat. But those guitars. Word.

3. In case you haven't noticed by now, (and if you haven't, you should turn your head off that hard stuff), if you are reading, it greatly reduces your comprehension. *Trompe Le Monde* reverses, no eradicates, decapitates, castrates, the mellowing of The Pixies. While both *Doolittle* and *Bossanova* were fine albums, (some people writing this review would even go so far as great, but that may lead you to question my objectivity towards this project), they lacked the edge that *Surfer Rosa* radiated (good writing word, "radiated") in every nook and cranny. *Trompe Le Monde* radiates radioactive radiation. It's radiation from NARC, most radiocativated level. It's radioactivitiveness in the highest degree of rads. It's hot. Ouch. You could lose hair just reading this review. Quick, run and put a lead suit on now!! If you have no lead suits available, grab a pencil. Or something that rhymes with lead. Bread.

A head of lettuce. Your brother Ted. But remember, there is no hope when listening to this record. You will need ten Ted's or at least one of those big red primary school pencils that used about five trees and were great to sink your teeth into. Even then, you will be dead. Ed. I hope this doesn't hurt record sales.

2. "Palace of the Brine," "Bird Dream of the Olympus Mons," "Distance Equals Rate Times Time," "Letter to Memphis" (reported to be the second single), "Alec Effendi," "The Nava-Know," "Moxeyway to Rowell" and all the other songs that have been mentioned. (This is a cheap

way of quickly mentioning most of the other song titles, just in case you, the reader, think any of them are really neat. Don't be shy, go ahead, snatch yourself to one.)

1. Best of all, it's a Pixies album, and you just don't need any other reason. Unless, of course, you are writing a review.

Rob Boper

METALLICA Metallica WEA

I doubt if I am the person to choose as an authority on how this album measures up to the expectations of a devoted Metallica fan. My only credentials are memories of blasting the "5.98 EP" at full volume on a Robson Street Saturday night in my friend's Austin Mini, while we tried our best to disrupt the throbbing hip-hop dance party with all around us. We used Metallica as a subversive weapon.

Forgive me if I descend into popular-culture-mumbo-jumbo-land...but (!) it seems to me that somewhere along the road, Metallica and mainstream metal-rock, once separated by a large stylistic and aesthetic gulf, have passed each other going in opposite directions. The trademark guitar chomping that typified speed/thrash/whatever-metal has seeped its way into the cracks of other forms of music (like all this funk-metal, ska-metal, rap-metal, grunge-metal, etc.) and I'd even have to say that the influence of Metallica's music is partly responsible of keeping rock and heavy metal from drying up due to creative drought.

OK...so what am I saying here? The guitars still go ka-chunk ka-chunk ka-ka-chunk and Mr. Ulrich still packs a mighty big wallop, but Metallica the album isn't about subversive speed metal. What really sticks out is the amount of tasteful playing, songwriting, and even singing, too! Gotta love those 70's-ish backing harmonies, even if it won't scare off the Robson Street bop-heads like it used to.

Darryl Rawlik

CODEINE Frigid Stars SubPop

Usually I am the first person to admit a weakness for slow, melancholy and depressing music like that sounds best on headphones, alone, and in a dark room, on rainy days accompanied by hot chocolate and a grilled cheese sandwich or two. I was hoping that Codeine's *Frigid Stars* would prove a nice addition to my small collection, and indeed, it fulfills many of the requirements: slow, ringing guitar chords and surging waves of noise, distant, lonely vocals, and drums that support the song instead of forming its structure. But where's the emotion? "Frigid" is right—this is a cold and detached album. There are many good ideas and songs ("Cave-in" and "Cigarette Machine" are excellent), and Codeine have a lot of territory they can cover without a lot of competition. I mean, who else is doing stuff that sounds like Sonic Youth on downers?

More dynamics and feeling in

the vocals would help this material immensely, as would a release on vinyl (might warm things up a bit)...as far as I know this is only on CD/cassette. Still, if you're feeling bored and lonely at least it's comforting to know that there are three white guys in New York who are more loved and lonely than you are.

Barry Candlish

JOHN LEE HOOKER Mr. Lucky Charisma/WEA

There he is—Mr. John Lee Hooker himself with that beautiful red Gibson guitar. And look at that star-studded cast of session players with him: Albert Collins, Ry Cooder, Robert Cray, John Hammond, Johnnie Johnson, Booker T. Jones, Van Morrison, Keith Richards, Carlos Santana, and Johnny Winter. Not bad!

The first two songs were pretty good—solid, full-sounding blues numbers. Then, in the middle of "Backstabbers" my tape deck at my complimentary review copy. I let my cat play with the five crumpled feet of tape that hung out of the cassette before disposing of it in the kitchen garbage. Can I have another one?

Simone Mueller

FATIMA MANSIONS Viva Dead Ponies Radioactive/MCA

For as long as I can remember I've been familiar with the name Fatima Mansions. Not saying that I've been familiar with their music because I've always had higher priorities as far as purchasing went: Husker Du, Fishbone, XTC, PIL, etc. So when Robbyn threw the new FM tape at me I was actually kind of anxious to listen to it. I got that feeling, like everybody does, of finally being able to listen to somebody I've always been meaning to but since have shelved in the back of my memory. Well, this is one curiosity that shouldn't have had the dust blown off of it. In all honesty, the Fatima Mansions are a tiny piece of cake, however, I have to respect FM for what they're doing.

Off the top my best description of their sound would be new age narration interspersed with a Fall-meets-Robbed Kross hardcore sound. The vocals are very reminiscent of Matt Johnson (The The) and the overall tone of the tape is kind of Dead Can Dance-ish. So, you think

with all of this going for it *Viva Dead Ponies* wouldn't be too bad. Well, it's not heinous but it's not going to make anybody's list of top albums for 1991.

If you were a Breakfast Club fan you might enjoy "You're A Rose" which sounds like a diagnosed Top 40 rebellion against the producers whom left this song off of the soundtrack. But, every cloud has a silver lining and the epidemic of this cumulate nimbus comes in the form of "Blues For Caesarea." With a surprisingly poignant hardcore riff the Fatima Mansions bubble above the surface of boring with their unique incorporation of musical avenues and save *Viva Dead Ponies* from creative purgatory.

Scotter

FUGAZI Steady Diet of Nothing Discord

How long has it been that I've been waiting for the new fugazi record? not long at all. repeater and 13 songs? can't grin on my face with effort. continually rotating on my disc player the two of them will now see a two disc hiatus between plays at steady diet of nothing, fugazi's latest, slips into my personal audio rotation, when I first listened to steady diet of nothing I felt kind of segregated but yet secure like an infant in the arms of a mother. fugazi didn't sound like fugazi, they sounded like sound garden, but then that comparison was quickly laid to the waste when that ever so enticing and hypnotic fugazi groove alloyed and guy's hauntingly appealing voice bawled out "sympatric" something was missing yet it was the purpose, it wasn't the comparison, it was the fugazi's social reason, it wasn't the twofold gibson sg foray—smuggled into that like a parents bed during a thunderstorm. moon, what's that noise? there something in the closet I'm confident, preaching voice finally spilled forth and led me through a culture's dependence on television (polish) and impetuous faith in war activities (kyoo).

once again fugazi makes the musical world appear crass by saying and doing a lot of their music without being perplexing, thank you for the demise of the guitar solo and thank them for just being fugazi, steady diet of nothing is not a stab at karen carpenter and is anything but a continual trip to the same salad bar. fugazi wants you.

Scotter



John Lee Hooker



X

FUTURE RAP

BY TARA SLOAN

This edition of Future Rap contains reviews of four separate CD releases.

From Lethal Records comes M.C. Twist's album, *Bad Influence*. The whole 12 tracks are produced, arranged, written, and scratched by M.C. Twist. The majority of songs relate to situations dealing with dope. Some of the better tunes are "Cocaine Bizness" and "Dope Story." There are plenty of samples from N.W.A. and Easy-E's previous hits. Twist explains at the beginning of the CD what his name stands for: Talking With Innovative Street Terminology. He states that it has nothing to do with the dance! Although a few tracks are alright, most of the stuff is sorta plain (a bit weak).

Live! Large! is the latest original motion picture soundtrack to be released. On it are such songs as "Doin' Good For Yourself" and "718 Kit," by the Jungle Brothers, which are a lot more commercial than their usual mellower rhythms. "Slick Rick - The Ruler" and the hit "I Shouldn't Have Done It" are

here by none other than Slick Rick. Terminator X (featuring Andreas 13), Nice & Smooth, Downtown Science, and a few more artists appear on this Def Jam, 1991 11-track recording. To sum up this review, I'd have to say that this compilation is not very exciting. It wouldn't be worth the money to buy the whole release because the songs aren't kickin'.

Here's something new that just came into the station: the CD is called *Word 2 the Wise* and it's by the Dynamic Twins. This group's artists' names are Robbie and Noel Arthurton. Well it seems that these brothers have read, and memorized, and wish to spread, the word of...God! I've only listened to two tracks and already heard Satan, the Bible, 666, flesh and blood, the way judgement day will be, Hell and Sin. "Here Comes the Judge," now I wonder who these guys are talkin' about? The G, to the O, to the D! Track three starts out with claps and the doo-doo-doo-doo, from Kid Sensation's "Seaton Ballers." It's real

funky...then the Gospel kicks the fuck in! I'm drowning in religion. Help! The production is pretty good but songs like, "He's All I Need," and "[He's] the Real Thing," just don't interest me. The Dynamic Twins are preachers, not teachers, and the message is simple...God is all you ever need...etc.

Who's the rapper of the month? Who's "the dopest female that you've heard this far?" That's right, M.C. Lyte. *Act Like You Know* is the new dope sh! There are 19 tracks in total, and the release is slamin'. In previous songs M.C. Lyte did not appeal to me. I thought she was alright but just not my style. Well now this Sister's back and she's bad! She's taken a turn for the better. Now Lyte sports a much more hardcore explicit lyrical image. "When In Love" is a rather slow moving track. But some of my personal favourites are "Poor George," "All That," "Kamikaze," and "2 Young 4 What." So when you're in the record store... "Search 4 the Lyte." Peace.



SHINDIG SHINDIG SHINDIG

The carnage has begun. The oil and gleaming Shindig machine swung into action on Monday, September 16 at the fine venue we call the Railway Club. Was any blood split? Were eyes blackened? Noses broken? Read on...

The opening night of Round One featured three very different local acts. The first outfit to hit the stage was a troupe called Groove Ranch. Polished and predictable, they seemed to have wowed the judges with their musicianship and professional approach. Frankly, I found them pretty uninteresting: the standard "contemporary rock with an alternative edge" shlick. Then again, my opinion doesn't mean diddly squat, since the judges awarded Groove Ranch a first place finish.

Up next were a 3-piece

combo called The Indecisives. Not a very catchy name; but, superficially aside, I thought they ruled! Out of time, out of tune, out of key guitar solos, but with guts and amateurish banger in spades, their thumbtack sketch song structures kept my interest through their whole set. A couple



photo BY mike coory

GROOVE RANCH

of songs were pretty catchy, but mostly it was the anti-stage presence of the guitarist and bassist who kept things interesting. More practice would help, but the appeal of The Indecisives is watching a band in its embryonic state. Like I said, my opinion don't mean shit since The Indecisives placed 2nd.

The Surf Dusters, possibly Vancouver's only surf-instrumental ensemble, were the evening's last offering. As one might expect, they launched into a set of (what else) surf instrumentals. If you think that going to the beach is the only reason to live, then the 'dusters are for you. Their performance was pretty predictable, which is not surprising given the limited style that the band chooses for their format. I think the judges must have all been from the prairies, or maybe they hate surf movies, because the Surf Dusters finished a disappointing 3rd.

The battle has only just begun...every Monday (except Thanksgiving) the Shindig crew will be at the Railway forging dreams and breaking hearts. Thrills, chills, three bands, jokes for beer. Get there early if you wanna get a table.

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FISHBONE Commodore Ballroom Tuesday 27 August

"There's a social disease spreading
south of the border and it's not
AIDS," said John Bigham, dread-ful
guitarist and new guy for
Fishbone. "It's called racism. I sure
hope they find a cure for that shit
soon."

Never before have 7 African-
Americans had such command over
a predominantly white audience; at
least not on this level. It's one thing
to be Malcolm X but it is an entirely
different ball game when you're a
band based on the ideologies of such
a person. Malcolm X spoke politics;
Martin Luther King Jr. had a dream;
Fishbone wants to make love to you.

On this night Fishbone fought
the foreplay. But it wasn't just the
old-in-out, nor was it musical mas-
turbation. This was raw, carnal, het-
erosexual skating. Many people
asked me why I was paying to see
Fishbone at the Commodore when I
would be seeing them the following
day at the Lollapalooza Festival?

These are the things legends are made
of, I thought. Having never seen The
Bone before, I had to fill up on their
methane powered ska-core. A good
comparison of what listening to Fish-
bone does for me would be Frank's
ether inhaled in Blue Velvet. Albe-
rt, I don't get the urge to cut off
anybody's ear, I wouldn't mind roll-
ing on a fusion with Isabella Rosselli-
ni. But I digress.

Fishbone looked like their
name implies. Stripped. The bare
essentials. Just a band with a lot to
say relying on their talent to impart
their message across to the masses.
Easy enough. Utilizing the intensity
of hardcore, the bounce of ska and
the feeling and soul of gospel, Fish-
bone drove a spike into the heart of
Black Radio music.

They opened the evening with
"Party At Ground Zero" which lyri-
cally set a theme for the night and
started fusion of all sub-atomic par-
ticles in the Ballroom. Even Ange-
lo's sprained elbow (wrapped in a
tensor bandage) didn't take away
from the exuberant amount of en-
ergy his guys were emanating. Fly-
ing brass, flying fly, flying bodies;
things were U.G.L.Y. This was their
parade and they were reigning it.

With cane in hand, Angelo con-

ducted Fishbone through a grueling
2 hour set including old raves and
new faves. The highlight was easily
the epic version, single song encore
of "Change." The gospel reminding
ditty, accompanied solo (soul?)
by guitarist from John Bigham was
the titillation that brought the capacity
crowd to one of many multiple oc-
casions through the night.

Whether you made it to the pig
or not don't fret. Because after at-
tending Fishbone I realized just how
hard it is for most bands to take the
feeling and sound of the stage into
the studio. Fishbone don't have a
problem with this. Transition made.
Missed the coping. No more runless
Saturdays.

Scoter

JIMMY CLIFF

Commodore Ballroom Wednesday 4 September

Since it was announced months
ago this was the show that everybody
waited all summer for. Legendary
reggae artist, Jimmy Cliff, and his
superb backing band did not disap-
point those fans who were thirsting
for a decent reggae show after the
failure of Steel Pulse.

From the moment Jimmy Cliff
hit the stage it was non-stop action
with roots rhythms and sweet, right-
eous lyrics. He wildly danced across
the stage all the while working the
responsive crowd with playful call-
backs such as "Irie."

One of the best performances dur-
ing the hour and a half show—if that
can be said since the entire show was
fantastic—was when the audience
joined in to sing "The Harder They
Come" with Cliff. One felt that they
were not so much as watching a show
as they were a part of it. Cliff covered
a wide variety of material emphasizing
current issues such as the envi-
ronment with "Save Our Planet" and
if I had to describe the show in one
word it would be ENERGY!

Catherine Dickson

THE ODDS
Wednesday 4 September

The Melody Makers immense
positive presence was soulful and
convincing that I truly believed them
when they sang "...my generation will
make the change."

bar and ample spread put on by BMG
indicated that Zoo Entertainment in-
tended to promote this band with some
enthusiasm, but other than that, I was
pretty much in the dark.

The set opened with a clip of
their new video for the single, "Love
is the Subject," not their best song.
Seeing this did nothing to improve
my first impression of the band, since
it was embarrassingly low budget and
not indicative of the kind of show they
ended up putting on. So, in an effort to
get a feel for what this band was
about, I looked around the crowd to
determine what types had come to see
them. Local celebs Art Bergman and
Barney Berrall, as well as countless
record retail types and the like wan-
dered about in search of free beer as
the group began to play. The audience
was so varied, and the group's first
song's style so intangible, I still
couldn't peg these guys. Were they
pop, rock, folk?

So the set progressed, and the
answer turned out to be all three. The
Odds seemed to have a wide range of
influences. The audience heard a di-
verse blend of near-psychedelic bal-
lads ("The Soap"), jittery pop-
rock tunes ("No Warning," "External
Ecstasy," "Family Tree"), and folksy
acoustical numbers ("Are You Lis-
tening?"). If I had to liken them to
someone, I'd say they possess the
early energy of Elvis Costello, and the
early wit of recent Blue Rodeos. They
seemed unusually at ease on stage,
considering this was their big debut
release, and you've gotta give 'em
credit for experimenting with differ-
ent styles so early in their career.

Lee-Ann Hooker

Ziggy Marley and The Melody Makers

Commodore Ballroom Tuesday 10 September

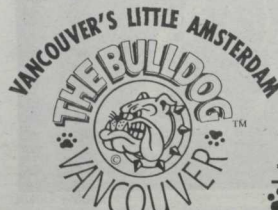
This was the second venue change for
a reggae act, leaving the Oxygene as
the first being Steel Pulse, but this time
the act went to the Commodore. The
show started a little later than planned
and the opening act, Crystal Waters,
was not a good indication of what was
to come. She was accompanied by
three dancers, one relatively good at
vogue-ing, but her voice left much to
be desired. Thankfully she only played
a 20 minute set but then that was
followed by a slight delay until the
main show.

Ziggy Marley's first song
it was clear that this was a more
stronger and tighter group than that
who made their last appearance here
in August of 1990. The Melody Mak-
er's mainly drew on material from
their latest album, "Jahmeka" but
Stephens increased input on the al-
bum was not noticeably reflected on
stage. However, their black attire made
it difficult to view them from any
distance.

The entire show was almost two
hours long with Ziggy and The Mel-
ody Makers delivering songs after songs
including excellent versions of "Good
Time" and "Drastic." Towards the
end of the evening they even through
in a few powerful versions of Bob
Marley classics such including "Could
You Be Loved?"

The Melody Makers immense
positive presence was soulful and
convincing that I truly believed them
when they sang "...my generation will
make the change."

Catherine Dickson



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TO A FEW

BY JUDITH BEEMAN

Clive Barker is a cigar-chompin', caviar-munchin', dual-livin' (U.K. and L.A.) millionaire...courtesy of his writing skills. At 39 he's a renowned author, artist and film director...cute too! From the *Books of Blood* series, which had Stephen King doing his "I have seen the future..." rap, to the brand new *Imajica* novel, Clive has an unmistakable style that's both literate and gory—often at the same time.

So Fall, traditionally a "spooky" time of year, is off to a fitting start, with Clive reading at the main branch of the library on Monday, September 30. The event's to promote *Imajica*, a step away from the graphically horrific fantasy of his early works. Dark Fantasy reigns here. The publishers blurb reads: "The magical tale of ill-fated lovers lost among worlds teetering on the edge of destruction where their passion holds the key to escape." Ack! Let's call it an erotic tale of terror, this is Clive Barker after all.

Wanna read something really scary?

Books by Clive Barker

Books of Blood (volumes 1 - 6)
The Damnation Game
Wavelength
Cabal
The Great and Secret Show
Imajica

Scary monsters:

Films based on Barker's work

Salome (73): b/w silent, short based on Oscar Wilde's poem. Clive was 21.
The Forbidden (75-78): b/w, began as an adaptation of Marlowe's *Dr Faust*; appearance of the skinned man (later, Frank in *Hellraiser*).
Transcendence (85): British film. Didn't get two thumbs up from Clive.
Rawhead Rex (86): Dark Fantasy based on short story from *Books of Blood*. Low budget.
Hellraiser (87): Clive directed. Best of the lot? Breakdown of the nuclear family and introducing...Pinhead and crew.
Hellbound/Hellraiser 2 (88): Hmm, didn't see this one. More of the same I assume.
Nightbreed (90): Guest role went to

David Cronenberg. Excellent characters and sets but verging on silliness at the end.

The Dissection of Clive Barker: UK documentary, great title!

Barker—O-Rama:
Comics and Lives & Clive

Ohright, not comics, these are graphic novels for us bigger kids.

Hellraiser (\$6.95) #8 most recent. Artists and writers adapting Clive's work. Based on the film and featuring, of course, the *Cenobites* (if you have to ask...).

Nightbreed (\$2.75) #11 out now. The gang of ghouls from the film continue to spin tales in this ongoing saga.

Tapping the Vein (\$9.50) These very graphic novels feature adaptations from the *Books of Blood*. The latest #4 features "Hells Event" and "The Madonna". #3 featured "Midnight Meat Train" (probably his best known story) and "Scape-Goats".

Stephen King & Clive Barker (the illustrated masters of the macabre) This fine book has essays and reviews of writings, in Clive's case a synopsis of all his work (including short stories) and film. A few years old.

Pandemonium (further explorations into the worlds of Clive Barker) (Eclipse) Includes interviews with

Mr. B, his friends and Art School Teacher (overboard!). His play *The History Of The Devil*, a review of his films and history of his work with the Dog Theatre company are included. Neat stuff, but some pretty sloppy typos and layout. Released this year.

Clive Barker Illustrator (Arcane/Eclipse) Fine-line drawings, big brush strokes, portraits, b&w, colour. This guy can draw. Did you know he did all the covers for the *Books of Blood* series? Pensive, moody and blissfully violent.

Yow! Big prize draw: I scored a signed edition of *Imajica* and figured you, gentle reader, would like to add it to your bookshelf. Just drop subtext a letter (#233 - 6138 SUB Blvd, V6T 1Z1) listing what you're reading or fave books, I'll randomly draw a winner from the entries and publish the reading lists. Don't be shy...enter today.



Clive Barker

EVENTS

Who: Writers! Loads of 'em.

What: The Vancouver International Writers Festival.

Where: Venues at Granville Island, pick up the program guide at bookstores or the library for times and places.

When: Wednesday, Oct 23 to Sunday, Oct 27.

Why: Culture is where it's at...kittens.

R2B2 Books (2742 W. 4th) often has writers reading. This month: Sky Lee, author of *Disappearing Moon Cafe* will read on the 10th and Roy Kiyooka will share his poetry on Friday Oct. 18. *Daphne Marlatt* will launch her first book, *Salvage* on Nov. 1.

Spider and Jeanne Robinson will be signing their new book *Starved at White Dwarf Books* (4373 West 10th) on Saturday October 5th from 3 - 5 pm.

PEOPLE ARE READING

Ever wonder what people are reading? I do. John Ruskin, a.k.a. *Nardwuar the Human Serviette*, volatile toque-lover, took the time to write and tell subtext.

A few items that have held the attention of my, Nardwuar the Human Serviette's, eyeballs in the past little while are, well, let's make a list:

1. Strictly Instrumental - Without a doubt Surfdrifter Rich Hagensen's mammoth, 184 page, illustrated discography of Canadian instrumental records continually amazes upon each read. Spanning from 1950-90, the story doesn't leave a leaf unturned. If a Canadian group, even if it be Montreal's Mighty Grupees or Victoria's Phabulous Pharaohs, ever recorded an instrumental number you can bet it's listed here. Neato label pics and photos are included too. Wow!

2. American Journal of Slot Car Sciences - Slot car racing (you know of the APX Tyco Strombecker variety) is, for some, the most exciting of all North American pastimes. Even though modern race car drivers like Vancouver Indy 5th place finisher Scott Pruett have publicly denounced the hobby, there still remains much interest as exemplified by San Francisco Johnny Bartlett's wild publication, *The American Journal of Slot Car Sciences*. Along with the usual slotting news (ish #2 informed readers of a possible scheme to utilize Tyco and APX tracks simultaneously), the journal always provides stimulating tidbits such as detailed stories regarding heated head to head competitions, record reviews (of course, only of bands holding the slot car sound in. These Mummies and Phantom

Surfers), plus information regarding what food the slot enthusiast should eat to keep healthy after a gruelling day at the controller (chips and salsa, burritos, and the tasty Mexican rice drink Horchata). To enter the realm of slot car sciences send \$2 towards Johnny Bartlett, 1107 A Guerrero St., San Francisco, CA 94110 U.S.A.

3. The booklet from the cassette "Pink Steel Sucked...but sometimes nuked". Pink Steel who frolicked around the beautiful Garden City of Victoria between 1978-82 released a couple of singles in their time but should, now in 1991, be recognized as the pioneers of Vic-town punk. Why? Upon examination of their extensive 20 page booklet which accompanies this cassette appears a pig poster that says it all:

Pink Steel
NEOS
NoMeansNo

Ooh La-La! Like the NEOS and NoMeansNo backing up Pink Steel. Zany man. These guys must have ruled or did at least in their own minds. Especially if the brains behind Pink Steel were Pete Sweater Warden Campbell and Jeff Lightning Bolt. Pink Steel - the greatest rock and roll band the world has never known. Pick up a audio literary book of the Steel at Funhouse Recs in Victoria.

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That damn month of October 19



CHARTS

DJ FAVOURITE ALL SORTS

Top Ten Flavours of Fluoride for Breakfast (Tuesdays 11:00am-1pm)

1. butterscotch
2. unflavoured
3. bubblegum
4. orange
5. blueberry
6. chocolate
7. red licorice
8. peppermint
9. strawberry
10. gin & tonic (wish)

Adam (Noizi) Sloan's 1991 iz 1971 favourite sound flavours

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Funky All Stars | Live 1944 |
| 2. Geto Boys | We Can't Be Stopped |
| 3. DJ Sound Wave Chapter 1 | September 14-15, 1991 |
| 4. Funkadelic | Funkadelic |
| 5. Physics Colloquium | Thursdays 4pm, Henning Road 201, UBC |
| 6. Drifting through wood on the Nod Show | Fridays, CTR 101 |
| 7. James Brown | Star Time |
| 8. Material | The Third Power |
| 9. Parliament | Rheumatism |
| 10. Tim Perkins and John Bechoff | Artificial Horizon |

A Voice of Dissent (Thursdays 1:00-3:00pm)

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Modern Sounds | poetry compilation |
| 2. The Last Poets | Right On |
| 3. Marc Ribot | Rootless Cosmopolitans |
| 4. King Sunny & Ades | Syncho System |
| 5. Bengale's sounds of the madmen | compilation |
| 6. Disappearing World | tribal music compilation |
| 7. Field Kit | Original Sufferhead |
| 8. The Lounge Lizards | Voice of Chuck |
| 9. Capt. Beefheart | Shiny Beast (Bat Chain Puller) |
| 10. Performance | soundtrack |

Anthony's top 10 things his ex-roommates left behind in his apartment when they moved out

1. telephone answering machine
2. rapidly blackening bananas
3. Realistic stereo system
4. yogurt container full of chocolate chips
5. pins, nails, and other metallic objects on the carpet of their room which were a nice surprise when started vacuuming
6. a dying tomato plant on the porch
7. ugly sofa
8. 14" colour television
9. smiling budai statue
10. the rest of their shelf which is taking up valuable storage space...

The African Show (Saturdays 8:00-10:00pm)

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. May Kante | Touma (Baroque) |
| 2. Papa Wemba | Papa Wemba (Stems) |
| 3. Saffi Kella | Amen (Virgin) |
| 4. Kotega | Freedom's What Everybody Needs (Mesa) |
| 5. Kasse Mady | Kela Tradition (Stems) |
| 6. Dorothy Musika | Pala Pala (Stems) |
| 7. Ali Dairo | I Remember (Shanachie) |
| 8. The Madlows | Rebel (PolyGram-Nip) |
| 9. Bright Chikanda | Respect Africa (PolyGram-Nip) |
| 10. Youssou N'Dour | Sel (Virgin) |
| 12. Tholia Muna | La Divine (Stems) |

OCTOBER 91 LOOOOOONG GROOVES 101

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Metallica | Metallica (Warner/Belting) |
| 2. Circle C | Circle C (DGC) |
| 3. Mudhoney | Every Good Boy Deserves Fudge (Sub Pop) |
| 4. Hole | Pretty on the Inside (Caroline) |
| 5. My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult | Saxplosion! (Cargo/Wax Trax) |
| 6. Nitzer Ebb | As Is (MCA/Geffen) |
| 7. Yello | Baby (PolyGram/Phonogram) |
| 8. Fugazi | Steady Diet of Nothing (Dischord) |
| 9. Big Dill Car | Belch (Crus) |
| 10. Green Day | 1,039/Smoothed Out Slappy Hours (Lookout) |
| 11. M9 | Too Cool for Satan (Sativation) |
| 12. Seaweed | Despised (Sub Pop) |
| 13. Boco solo | Cajon Coast (RCA/Avco) |
| 14. Various Artists-Compilation | Estuvs Half-Cast (Estuvs) |
| 15. Sister Carol | Mother Culture (RCA) |
| 16. Ari Bergmann | Ari Bergmann (PolyGram/PolyDot) |
| 17. Various Artists-Compilation | Indie Cast (Indie Cast) |
| 18. Gas Huffer | Janitors of Tomorrow (Empire) |
| 19. Wreck | House of Boris (Cargo/Wax Trax) |
| 20. Chemical People | Angels n' Devils (Crus) |
| 21. Pennywise | Pennywise (Epitaph) |
| 22. Me, Mom and Morgenthaier | Clown Heaven and Hell (Chooch) |
| 23. Needs Atomic Duthin | God Fodder (Sony/Columbia) |
| 24. NWA | Niggaz4Life (Priority/Ruffless) |
| 25. Various Artists-Compilation | Cold Front (A&M/Africa) |
| 26. Various Artists-Compilation | Till the Bars Break (Cargo/Inevitable) |
| 27. Monster Magnet | Spine of God (Caroline/Primo Score) |
| 28. Porter Children | Dolychain Reaction (Twin Tone) |
| 29. Various Artists-Soundtrack | Key in the Hood (Warner/Geswe) |
| 30. Funk All Stars | Live (Westbound) |
| 31. Boco solo | Boco solo (Warner/Belting/Honessuch) |
| 32. Agent Orange | Real Live Sound (Ruffless) |
| 33. The Coketkitchen | Time Flowing Backwards (Homestead) |
| 34. Gary Clark & On-U Sound Syst. | Emotional Hoolligan (BMG/Perfecto) |
| 35. Glay King | Ele Mundo (Sony/RBM) |
| 37. Love Child | Okay? (Homestead) |
| 38. Eek-a-Mouse | U-Neek (Island) |
| 39. Skin Yard | 1000 Smiling Knuckles (Crus) |
| 40. Tom Waits | The Early Years (Capitol/Rhino-Barone) |
| 41. Smashing Pumpkins | Gish (Caroline) |
| 42. Patty Larkin | Tango (High Street) |
| 43. Various Artists-Compilation | The Portable Allamant (World Serpent) |
| 44. John Lee Hooker | My Lucky (Atlantic/Charm) |
| 45. A-Bones | The Life of Riley (Norton) |
| 46. Chris Cutler & Fred Fith | Live in Moscow, Prague & Wash (Cuneiform) |
| 47. Barry Adamson | Delusion (Mute) |
| 48. The Audio Company | The Globe (Sony/Columbia) |
| 49. Jimmie Dale Gilmore | After While (Warner/Belting) |
| 50. Das Dams | How's It Going? (Sub Pop) |
| 51. Ben Saxon | How's It Going? (Unigned) |
| 52. Various Artists-Compilation | Pagan Tango (Cargo/Wax Trax) |
| 53. Dynamic Twists | World 2 the Wize (Sony/Capitol) |
| 54. Various Artists-Compilation | Blue Line (Sony/High Romance) |
| 55. Railroad Jacks | Blossom (Cargo/Westbound) |
| 56. Stephen Fearing | Railroad Jack (Molador) |
| 57. Alice Donut | Revenge Fantasies of the Impotent (All Tentacles) |
| 58. Ward Paul | Lo Fidelity, Hi Amplitude (Homestead) |
| 59. Old One | Anguish (Machining) |
| 60. Black Uhuru | Iron Storm (Mesa/Burnman) |
| 61. Tony Bennett | 40 Years: The Artistry of Tony Bennett (A&M) |
| 62. Cal | Love's Secret Domain (Cargo/Wax Trax) |
| 63. The Doves | Ability (Elektra) |
| 64. Various Artists-Compilation | The Aerial #2 (Aerial) |
| 65. Delerium | Stone Tower (Dustie) |
| 66. Dagblum | There's Always Something Wrong (Invisible) |
| 67. Choice | The Big Payback (Round the Globe/Worthy) |
| 68. PGR/Merzbow/Deas Tietchers | Gray (DOV/Entertainment) |
| 69. De La Soul | De La Soul Is Dead (PolyGram/Tommy Boy) |
| 70. Various Artists-Compilation | The Aerial #1 (Aerial) |
| 71. Robyn Hitchcock & The Egyptians | Perpetual Island (A&M) |
| 72. Definition of Sound | Love and Life (Virgin) |
| 73. Screaming Jets | All for One (PolyGram/Reborn/Mercury) |
| 74. Outcasts | Struggling Electric & Chemical (Molador/Twin Beat) |
| 75. Various Artists-Compilation | Acid Jazz (Scotti) |
| 76. U-Roy | True Born African (RCA) |
| 77. Easter Monkeys | Splendor of Sorrow (H & R) |
| 78. The Sneetches | 1985-1991 (A&M) |
| 79. Various Artists-Soundtrack | Unit's Large (Sony/Columbia/Del Jam) |
| 80. Nurat Fatah Ali Khan - Gawsel & Parly | Shabazz (Africa/Virgin) |
| 81. Phantom Surfers | 18 Deadly Ones (Norton) |
| 82. Think Tree | Eight/Thirteen (Shanachie) |
| 83. Various Artists-Compilation | Sometimes I Wish I Was (Gepetto) |
| 84. Wolfgang Press | Queer (A&D/Vertigo) |
| 85. Zovief France | Shouting at the Ground (Charm) |
| 86. American Music Club | Everclear (A&M) |
| 87. Various Artists-Soundtrack | Thrumdrone (PolyGram/Situation 2) |
| 88. Burning Flames | Dig (Manga) |
| 89. John Bischoff & Tim Perkins | Artificial Horizon (Artifact) |
| 90. The Fatima Maniorans | Viva Dead Ponies (Radioactive) |
| 91. Hager Cakay | Only Way to the Peak of Normal (M&S/Secret) |
| 92. Carter The Unstoppable Sex | 101 Dalmations (Chrissy/Big Cat) |
| 93. Fred | Fred (Cargo/Wax Trax) |
| 94. House of Peadar | Cakewalk (Giant) |
| 95. Cal Raps Dog | The Real Raps (Cargo/WG) |
| 96. The Choir | Circle Slide (Sony/Cap) |
| 97. Various Artists-Compilation | Modern Sounds (CAGE) |
| 98. V.I. King Tee | Having a Party (Spiral/Real) |
| 99. The Contender | Faithful (S&W) |
| 100. Fela Anikulapo Kuti | Original Sufferhead (Shanachie) |
| 101. The Odds | Neopolitan (BMG/Zoo) |

OCTOBER 91 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTYCLOUTIER 50

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Exorcistors | "Vampire Blues" |
| 2. Pee Wee Manston | "Do What You Do" |
| 3. Surfsluts | "Mist-Fried" |
| 4. The Perfume Tree | "Death in Prime Time" |
| 5. Wheelchair Chiefs | "Redneck" |
| 6. Windwalker | "Chains" |
| 7. Dr. Shiny Forehead | "Brainy Things" |
| 8. The Indecivets | "Good Intentions" |
| 9. Konica Schroedel & Her Hungry Band | "Wallowing for the Other Side" |
| 10. A Murder of Crows | "Atmosphere" |
| 11. Ten Feet Tall | "I Used to be Crazy" |
| 12. Wingham | "A OK" |
| 13. S. Deepness O'Reilly | "Relapse" |
| 14. Footrump | "Relapse" |
| 15. Show Business Giants | "Let's Get Together" |
| 16. Jack Feet Fine | "Somebody Died on TV Again" |
| 17. The Hives | "18th Crustles" |
| 18. Sledge | "Have You Died Yet?" |
| 19. Terror T. | "Shouts Out" |
| 20. Shive | "Falling" |
| 21. Fridge Magnets | "Who Stole My Socks?" |
| 22. Show Business Giants | "World Is Too Crowded" |
| 23. Deprogrammers | "Frightened Eyes" |
| 24. The Worst | "Creepy Things" |
| 25. The Worst | "In a Sem-Mentally" |
| 26. Dose Pump | "Kiss Me (With My Clothes on)" |
| 27. PIL | "Never Can Say Goodbye" |
| 28. Celtic Bats | "Counting" |
| 29. Ten Feet Tall | "Beat of the Drum" |
| 30. Sister Lovers | "Love Gruffin" |
| 31. C.O.D.E. | "No Drama (Remix)" |
| 32. Ragged Rich | "What She's Doing" |
| 33. The Worst | "66 Valiant on the Highway" |
| 34. Garden of Earthly Delights | "Wildflower" |
| 35. Chris Melochie | "Serious Distraction" |
| 36. No Fun | "Entering B&H Area" |
| 37. Kiss n' Bang | "Stay Kid" |
| 38. Hollowheads | "Strange Town" |
| 39. Tomatoma Equette | "I Want You (Winona)" |
| 40. The Worst | "She's Wrong" |
| 41. Red Platinum | "Heimlich Maneuver" |
| 42. Greenhouse | "Victim of Circumstance" |
| 43. Sad Happy | "Accidental Family" |
| 44. Eye on You | "Sunk Down" |
| 45. Gloria Bizzard | "Let There Be Cockroaches" |
| 46. Intoxicals | "Alec Kat" |
| 47. Savage Troup Ensemble | "Who's Dead Inside" |
| 48. The Worst | "Carnage" |
| 49. Unwashed Steps | "Do Tell" |
| 50. Electric Pioneers | "Come This Far" |

OCTOBER 91 SHORT GROOVES 50

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| 1. Windwalker/Tankard | A Mini & A Terrible Thing to Taste Split 7" (Vinyl) |
| 2. Various Artists | Bombs Volume 1: Four Victrola Bands (Way Out) |
| 3. Mudhoney | Let It Slide CD-5" EP (Sub Pop) |
| 4. The Pinks | Panel of Sound 12" EP (PolyGram/A&D) |
| 5. C. Baggins | You're So Pretty (But You Kick Me Sick) 7" (Crus) |
| 6. Lung | Psychomodelia 7" (Scratch) |
| 7. Teepeople / House of Large Sizes | Split 7" (Toxic Shock) |
| 8. C. Baggins | "Kiddie Flat" 7" (Stones 7") |
| 9. El Vez | The Mexican Elvis 7" (Sympathy for the Record Industry) |
| 10. Spuscapers | Junik 7" (em'ply) |
| 11. Boko Babies | Roy Jack World 12" EP (Mammott) |
| 12. Chem Lab | 100k Pressure 12" EP (Chem Lab) |
| 13. Queen Latifah | "Fly Girl 12" (A&M/Boy) |
| 14. Casbah Club | "Living Up in Center" 7" (Black & Nix) |
| 15. This Bob | 3-Song 7" (EP) (Plumb) |
| 16. Kade V. | "Scratch Attack" 12" (Cargo/WG) |
| 17. Captain Condems | Kinda Kool 7" EP (Public Ball) |
| 18. Superconduct | "The Most Popular Man in the World" 7" (Scratch) |
| 19. M.C. Life | "When in Love" 12" (Atlantic) |
| 20. Jesus Chudgren | "Follow a Nowe" 12" (Giant) |
| 21. M.C. Swag & King Tech | "Follow a Nowe" 12" (Giant) |
| 22. Raw Fusion | "Throw Your Hands in the Air" 12" (Hollywood) |
| 23. D.H.I. | "Chemical Land" CD-5" EP (Tringe) |
| 24. Naughtily by Nature | "P.P. 7" (Scratch) |
| 25. Screaming Bloody Mays | "Hot Wet & Wild" 7" EP (Die Laughing) |
| 26. Bomb the Bass | Winter in July CD-5" (Sony/Rhino King) |
| 27. L.F.O. | "We Are Back" 12" (Tommy Boy) |
| 28. M.P.P. | "Drunk & Alone" 7" (You See Me? 7" (Audio Active) |
| 29. Shadowy Men on a Plane | "Change of Heart" 7" (Cargo) |
| 30. Pale Saints | Flesh Ballon 12" EP (PolyGram/A&D) |
| 31. Shabba Rank | "Housecat" CD-5" (Sony/Cap) |
| 32. Ignatz | "Sweetie" 7" (MCA/Gepetto) |
| 33. Burning Heads | "Hey You / Go Away" 7" (Black & Nix) |
| 34. Lady Luv | "Looking for a Dope Beat" 12" (Round the Globe/Motown) |
| 35. Red Devils | "Queen Bee" 7" EP (Casting Couch) |
| 36. The Innocent Mission | "Pop Song Food" 7" (Audio Active) |
| 37. Kings of Swing | "This is Something..." 12" (Round the Globe/Virgin) |
| 38. Grohus | "Edward Abbey" / "Cash Cow" 7" (Swift) |
| 39. Funkytown Pros | "White Green" 12" (4th & Bway) |
| 40. The Roots | "Lost Soul" 7" (Audio Active) |
| 41. Lucky Bypoints | 4-song 7" (EP) (C&P) |
| 42. Meat Puppets | "Sam" / "Ball Bat" 7" (PolyGram) |
| 43. Padofect | "Game of Fear" 7" (Dionysus) |
| 44. The Innocent Mission | "And Hiding Away" 12" (A&M) |
| 45. Stereo MC's | "Lost in Love" 12" (4th & Bway) |
| 46. Lits | "February Fourteen" / "There's a Day" 7" (Sunderland) |
| 47. Terminator X | "Juvenile Delinquent" CD-5" (Sony/Del Jam) |
| 48. The Roots | "Perpetual Groove" 12" (A&M) |
| 49. Slumpy Joe | "I Want Some But / Love Puddin'" 7" (Poploma) |
| 50. Stereotoxic Device | "Lostland" 12" (Cargo/WG) |

That damn word of October 21

WHERE THE STREETS HAVE NO SURF

by Rick Gleason

"Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again O Nature your primal scintilles" -Walt Whitman

Carl and I were astool, dressed in our respective sets of leather urban armor at our favorite classic Granville booze emporium. The Sordidic. Sithe. Between sips and swigs and drags and gags we somehow got into a conversational turn that dragged us unreasonably (we were drunk) to the thinned topics of Long Weekend and Long Beach.

"You can really breathe the air there," aplozied Carl between hearty drags on his never-ending carousel of Payers Lights. "And you can SURF." And all of a sudden his gloomed night-shift eyes actually sparkled, his slouch-seeking body actually tensed, his street-wise worldly expression turned into a Hack Film "we gotta do this" grin of expectation. I started thinking. Three seconds of surf-sand-sex fantasy versus the expectation of another dull and wreathing monstrosity of an urban long weekend, with all its tows and social headaches, was all it took for me. I was sold. We were going.

"Get your motor running.
Head out on the Highway."
- Steppenwolf, from Easy Rider

Carl and I dove into the idea as surely as we expected to dive into the righteous surf later on. Jobs were forgotten, girlfriends abandoned, watches tossed nonchalantly into deserted apartments, new names adopted: no, not Captain America and Billy, but Bosco (Carl) and Flex (me). And then we hit the road: no, not on Harleys, but in my Ford pickup, which, through the miracle of surf-fantasy, became a '32 wagon called "Woody," out of whose tailgate were soon to be dangling surfboards and out of whose insides were soon to be heard the musical shriekings of Jan & Dean and the inevitable Beachboys.

A drive, a queue, a ferry toll (\$\$\$), a drive, a beer/wine store stop, and a drive later and we were there, in the face of the surf at Long Beach. Big waves. Wild. And proof that Vancouver Island can supply something more exhilarating than your grandmother's Oak Bay tea parties.

"The sea is my brother."
- Jack Kerouac

Campfire and mental details floated by in a dream as Carl and I obliterated our credit card limits and thought of nothing but those Waves. And finally we walked the royal mile from street to surf: girls screamed, girls preened, waves careened. Such power in that big mass of H₂O that extended and over the ledge of the Earth all the way to Japan. And we, insects on popside sticks, daring to taunt it and seek the same splendour of its organically oceanic ways.

"He who would go to sea for pleasure would surely go to Hell for a pastime."
-some auld geezer with a marine bird dangling around his neck

"Quaff"

Yes, the water was chilly. Not just normally chilly, but Baffin Island chilly. But we had ecstasy on our side, so in we charged, screaming like mad Byrnes about to swim from Rhodes to Turkey, confident enough in our surf lona to be assured of surmounting any mortal irritation.

The comfort of all the money we saved by not renting wetsuits (too woosy) was, by the end of a topsy-turvy hour in the 10 degree surf, supplanted by the realization that my body temperature had become equated with the sea's. The Pacific had warmed up to 13 degrees and my corpse, still somehow supporting vital organ activity, had seemingly dropped from the normal dizzying balminess of 36.9 degrees to a reptilian 13 degrees. I was at one with the sea. Quaff. Bosco, on the other hand (and the side of survival) had managed to stay healthy by virtue of that extra 100 pounds of insulation that nature (and too many 7-11 burritos) had endowed him.

Out of the water I jerkily shiver-stumbled. Bone blasting chills ascended through the conduit of my spinal fluid all the way from the far-covered and wrinkled apertures that used to be my feet to my clouded and foreheadless muscled head. I was on the edge of wilting despite when something glorious, one might even say gratia, happened. Bosco, who with that point had caused its board to sink whenever attempting to stand on it, suddenly caught a mighty wave, he arose, whiff of glowing surfline blasted onto his wily hairy head; he beamed and screamed like an ecstatic Apache brave, both arms were raised in what would have been a so-called Christ stance, save for his hands which, far from being placed, were both flashing the radical surf salute of outstretched thumb and pinky.

"Gnarledge should not be confused with Wisdom. It is only through the active quest for, and the subsequent accumulation of, Gnarledge that Wisdom can be attained."
- Bosco and Flex

In that moment, before Bosco resuscitated onto the sandy bottom underlying the shallows, it came to me. The chills of life threatening exposure and the multiple cuts of collisions with board and bottom were acknowledged but newly accepted, for the pain was all for the glory of Surfing. The pain was now not only worthwhile, it was seraphic. The thought of those mighty waves and the orgasmic thrill of catching field all that power with a flimsy surfboard and surfduke-filled me with all the amorous nostalgia of a past sexual conquest, but with a twist: it was a sexual conquest, with the sea as overwhelmingly dominant male and myself, the surfer, as furtive yet totally surrendering female.

The medical emergency of exposure, after first aid treatment (truck heater and Jugs of Carlo Rossi California Red Burgundy), passed. But the newfound wisdom of a radical and gnarly shared vision was something that Bosco and I took back with us to the city.

So now when Carl and I sit astride our drinking thrones in our favourite cheezy Granville booze emporium, watching the golden tiny surf of spilled pints washing over the table onto the bar floor, we can smile the smile of inner satisfaction-the spirit of Kowabunga!-in the brief moment it takes before being bounced out into the street. Don't get me wrong, the streets can be bright and lively, with numerous adventures awaiting. But the streets have no surf.



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